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AN EMBER PICTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

How strange are the freaks of memory!
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy
And, despite the wear and tear
Of time and distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there

A chance had brought us together,
Our talk was of matters of course,
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half hour's resource

We spoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy natural way—
Of the weather, for it was raining,
As we drove home from the play

We debated the social nothings
Men take such pains to discuss,
The thunderous rumors of battle
Were silent the while with us

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak darkened avenue

As we drove through the shadow,
The candle she held at the door,
From rain varnished tree trunk to tree trunk,
Flashed fainter and flashed no more—

Flashed fainter and wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood,
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good

The vision of scarce a moment
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me
Like a scrap of ballad rhyme

Had she beauty? Well not what they call so,
You may find a thousand as fair
And yet there's her face in my memory,
With no special right to be there

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried—good rest to their souls—

Her face shines out in the embers,
I see her holding the light
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night

'Tis a face that can never grow older
That never can part with its gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession forever
For what is it all but a dream?

[For the Bucks County Gazette]

EVENING NOTES.

BY MARI FORD

In a large family of children where brothers and sisters are growing up together, it will be found in most cases although they may be mutually helpful, that the sisters are more self sacrificing than their brothers. They bestow a greater degree of attention than they receive, and in many ways contribute more towards the comfort and convenience of their brothers, than these are in the habit of returning. In watchfulness they are more devoted in forethought, more vigilant and in regard to essential needs more circumspect and diligent. They are quicker in perceiving wants and more ready in supplying them. In the interchange of help their side outweighs the other, and so fixed is the rule that they have no thought of an equivalent for what they so freely give.

Not only is this excess of doing on the part of the sisters apparent in behalf of the brothers, but it likewise shows itself even more emphatically towards the parents especially in their declining years. Here perhaps they are better able to do, as the wants of the parents are such as only the sisters can supply. Many a sister can feel in her daily experience the force of the words used by the heroine in Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' where she says,

"Early the sister must wait on the brother, and wait on her parents
Life must be always with her a perpetual coming and going,
Or be a fetching and carrying making and doing for others
Happy for her be she wonted to think no way is too grievous
And if the hours of the night be to her as the hours of the day time
If she find never a needle too fine nor a labor too trifling,
Wholly forgetful of self and caring to live but in others!"

Forlorn is that household of brothers where no sisters dwell to shed the light of their beneficence to share the toils of the weary mother and bless all with their helping hands. Then the mother is weighted with disproportionate care and burdened with duties that tax her energies and try her soul. The brothers miss their absent aid, and still more the precious influence which involves a loss that traces its misfortune in the waste places of their lives. When this influence happily exists imputing its worth to the atmosphere of the home, it maps itself in pleasant lines on the brother's character, which yields as to a subtle spell to its refining power.

One can detect in a man's ways in his habits, behaviour, and the tone of his deportment, whether he has been bereft of this goodly agency in the home life or favored with its golden service. It fails not to give its good report. It is its nature to implant the buds and shoots of kindliness and amiability in the disposition,

"Just as it is the cloud's to scatter rain
Just as it is the sun's to shine down warm"

It awakens that species of sympathy which adds to the loveliness of the domestic circle and infuses a sense of politeness that betrays its charms in the social realm. In every chosen path it reflects its delicate polish. It still dwells in its perennial fruits chastening the edges and angles of the brother's character, and when that brother becomes a husband, his wife, though unconsciously, abides in the serene atmosphere of his sisters' unfading influence. She, too, may have been favored with the companionship of brothers, and her home experience may thereby have enforced a discipline that gemmed her hands with qualities more precious than costly jewels. Thus brothers and sisters reciprocate their benefits, however differing in kind and in degree, the former being clothed with the refining influence of the latter, and she acquiring an aptitude for helpfulness that adorns her whole career.

Happy is that sister who, if left at last to plod her weary way alone through life, still finds a gladness in the brother's changeless gratitude, eternally springing from the unforgotten past. Sad is the lot of that one whose "unregarded age in corners thrown" is chilled by ungrateful neglect in the yearning winter of life. Not in material help is consolation always found nor always sought, but the heart that is doomed to loneliness by fortune's cruel mood, often sighs for what the heart alone can yield. The gross forms of attention pale before the coveted affluence of sympathy, and where this gives no response to the silent longing, keen are the pangs of the soul's conscious poverty. "Kind hearts," says Tennyson, "are more than coronets," and that rare thoughtfulness which enlarges into kindness, like charity should begin at home, where it may find the best opportunities for its exercise, and shed its serene light in the neglected corners, welcome as

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away."

ONE day a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher of a certain denomination praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he would n't have to speak so loud?"

FROST PICTURES.

Wonderful pictures—silver white—
Gleam on the window panes to-night
Stately forests, and orchard trees,
Birds and blossoms, and honey-bees
No one can tell how the pictures grow—
Wonderful pictures—pure as snow

A Grand Junction girl sued a young man for attempting to kiss her.

(For the Bucks County Gazette)

RISE AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE.

BY J G K

The word *alphabet* is composed of the names of the first two letters of the Greek language, Alpha and Beta, but is now used to denote the proper arrangement of modern European letters.

When letters, that is, arbitrary signs indicating certain articulate sounds, were first used is involved in obscurity and wrapped in mythological darkness, but it seems to us not the direct and immediate result of one individual genius or even one age, but rather a steady development from rude pictures.

The ancient Assyrian or Babylonian would not recognize the present form of modern European letters as their offspring. The earliest attempts at communicating ideas by means of symbols are the picture writings of the ancients. Long before the time of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

a system of representing events and objects by means of pictures, had obtained in the East, among her rude and uncultivated people, and even in North America the only means of correspondence, outside of Mexico and Peru, was the rudest kind of picture writing. A defeat for instance, was represented by a number of decapitated bodies, a fleet by the picture of a ship. By this method only visible objects and things could be communicated to the eye, whilst invisible objects—passion, names of actions, or descriptive adjectives—could not be represented. This of course was a defect too patent to be unobserved, and this suggested an improvement.

Certain objects were thought to bear some analogy to certain invisible ideas, and consequently the object, or rather the picture, was made to stand for the idea itself. The eye being the means of most of our knowledge, was made the symbol of knowledge, an ant stood for wisdom an adder for ingratitude, a circle for eternity. Sometimes two or more of these characters were put together, as a serpent with a hawk's head to denote nature presided over by God. This method of writing was nothing more than a series of enigmas, was liable to be misunderstood, on which account it was certainly faulty. It is called hieroglyphic, meaning sacred writing, and is supposed to have been invented by Egyptian priests. This is doubtful. It was used by them to convey their secrets from one to the other not being understood by the common people and thus it became what the Greeks called Hieroglyphic method of writing. It is an improvement on the picture method. It required, however, a different character for each word, and to learn to write such a language was no easy task and to be "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" was no little thing.

The temples obelisks and catacombs of this ancient people, once the home of learning and school of knowledge, are covered with rude inscriptions containing accounts of invasion and conquest, overthrow of dynasties and setting up of power.

But this method of writing was, as we have said enigmatical and obscure and mankind was not satisfied with its imperfections, so another advance was made. Noticing that the same syllable was often occurring in different words, man was not slow to see that the same mark or symbol could be used for each of such syllables. This gave rise to the syllabic method. For example taking the first syllable in the word *fa*ther and also the first in the word *tal*on and combining them, we have the word fatal. A certain mark, possibly an abbreviation of the picture representing father stood for the syllable *fa* and also another mark, an abbreviation of the sign for talon, was put for *tal*, so that by combining these we have, as before said, the word fatal. To become proficient in this you must learn as many characters as there are syllables in a language. What an endless task to learn to write and read a language! No wonder scribes were embodiments of learning! The characters used by the Assyrian and Persian nations were certain wedge like or arrow headed marks probably the best illustration of syllabic writing now known.

But a step in advance of this was conceived by some genius whose name is lost among the wreck of dissolving empires. This was to separate these syllables into their elemental sounds and to represent each sound by a character. As it was observed that as these elementary sounds were very few in number, a smaller number of characters would be needed to convey ideas than the syllables used. Thus arose the use of vowels and consonants.

Thus by degrees writing advanced from pictures *of* visible objects to pictures *for* invisible objects, from this to syllables and from syllables to the elements of language. Of course these elemental sounds among some nations are more numerous than among others. Some cannot begin a word without two consonants, nor end a word except with a vowel sound. The African pronounces master *massa* dropping out the *t* and omitting *r*, *that* he calls *dat*, not being able to sound the double consonant *th*. Other nations, as the Greeks and Welsh make frequent use of double consonants, both languages having four.

There seems to be, to the careless observer, a vast difference between the letters of the different alphabets, but upon closer examination a great similarity is found to exist. The letters now in use in Europe and America are the Roman, or Latin, which were borrowed from the Greek, which in turn were copied from Phoenician. Let any one examine the letters of the different languages, (given on pages 1838-39 40 of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary) and he will readily note many points of resemblance. Of course many of them have been changed in minor points, angles rounded off, reversions and inversions, point or a stroke added or substracted, just as words in our language have changed in orthography or pronunciation, even in our own time, so letters have changed.

The method of writing amongst the ancients was from right to left just the reverse of ours which is from left to right. This method obtained among the Assyrians, Arabians, Hebrews and Phoenicians, and seems to have been copied by the older Greeks. The latter invented a new method of writing both ways—from right to left and from left to right, reversing the letters at the same time. This was called *Boustrophedon* because it was done as a field was plowed. Finally this plan was dropped, and writing was done altogether from left to right. The Hebrew, Arabic and a few other oriental languages still follow the ancient method.

We do not consider or appreciate sufficiently the vast importance of written over spoken language. In written language our thoughts are, as it were, crystallized, our ideas embalmed for all time. Amid the crumbling dust of the ancient monarchies of Egypt and Babylon, and the decaying splendor of Grecian democracy, and Roman republicanism, their languages have remained through all these ages, tarnished it may be by the hand of time, emblems of their former greatness, more enduring than their sculptured marble or pencilled canvass.

Materialized spirits—Frozen whiskey.

From the Galaxy

JOHN WELCH'S WIFE.

Mrs Welch's firm step flagged as she left the horse car and walked up Green street. Green street is in one of the prettiest unfashionable quarters of Philadelphia, and her house was the most attractive in it. There were trees and a fountain in front, and a wisteria trailing its purple blossoms up over the white marble and brick, and through the open windows you caught a glimpse of lace curtains, pictures and flowers. "And there's not a better kept house in the city," she thought with a sigh as she neared the gate. It was always in neat delicate order and the table was daintily set forth whenever John chose to bring a friend home. John's income was large enough for them to live in easy comfort, and it needed but three or four hours of work a day for him to earn it. His wife's eyes grew still more troubled as she opened the gate of the front yard. "He ought to be satisfied," she said to herself as Jenny came toddling down the path to meet her, all white embroidery and blue ribbons. Her mother held her tightly by the hand, gave her a spasmodic kiss, ran up to her own room, and walked straight to the glass looking at the neat partridge like figure and good tempered, sensible face.

"There is no reason why he should *not* be satisfied," she said tartly, nodding to herself in the glass. The tears stood in her eyes, but she took off her bonnet and gloves folded them up carefully, and began to dress for dinner. The neat black silk showed every curve of her pretty figure. The lace ruffles at her wrists and throat were yellow with age and quality (Mrs Winifred was a connoisseur in lace). Her shining hair lay in satiny folds. She had been down to see that the soup, the roast fowl, the pudding, each was perfect in its way. In the library she turned the gas down and cut and fold the evening paper in an oblong shape ready for Mr Welch beside his easy chair. The whole world she thought, did not hold a more complete home to welcome any man, and John knew the love waiting there. If he chose to be discontented with either love or home, it was sheer rebellion against Providence.

She sat down to wait, got up, took out a feather duster hidden for her own use in a closet, whisked at the bronze candelabra put it away and seated herself again.

There was Mr Welch's step in the vestibule his latch key turning in the lock. She waited inside the library door, her cheeks red, panting a little. It was so many evenings since he had come home in time for dinner—sometimes had not come at all. Could it be that the happy old times were coming back? But she did not run out to meet him, she always waited for him just a foot or two inside the library door.

John Welch was coming home in time with something of the feeling of the prodigal son. He had stopped outside, strongly tempted to go back to his "riotous living or swine" as his wife would have dubbed his temptation. It was a sore tug of virtue that brought him in and now he wanted a little excitement—applause, stimulant of some sort—as a reward. If Winney had even scolded viciously or cried it would have given relish to the dinner. But she kissed him on either cheek, with the same decorous little peck which she had given since their wedding day.

"You are quite chilly, dear," she said. "It really feels like frost. Any news to-day for your little wifey?"

Mr Welch replied to that there was no news and that it did feel like frost very much indeed. He was a grave courteous man, mindful of the feelings of others habitually: the vagabond blood within that drove him to riotous living or swine had needed strong temptation to bring it out—it ran through depths which Winifred had never sounded. He took up the paper and began to read. She had laid the paper there for him to read, yet her heart wrenched her with a sharp pang as he did it. He must know how bitter his neglect had been to her. If he loved her he would have some word of apology—some little sign that he did know and was sorry, but she made no sign—took out her tatting (she always tatted in the parlor it was such a nice feminine sort of work) and gave little chirping answers to the bits of information about the Ross case or church scandals which he read aloud.

"I am so thankful," she said at last, "that my childhood was passed in a village where those new fashioned ideas of affinities and divorces were never heard of. Almost every woman in Springville was a member of the Church. You remember dear?"

"Oh yes, I remember them dimly. "They were insured to dwell in decencies forever, undoubtedly."

Little Mrs Welch's heart was full. It was in Springville that John had courted and married her. Had he forgotten?

"The way of living there was so orderly and pious," she chattered on. "When two young people were engaged they were looked upon as almost married. I never knew an engagement broken in Springville, and as for a marriage! Husbands and wives grew old together without a jarring word. The only couple who ever disagreed was Sims, the drunken cobbler, and his wife."

"A veritable Acadia," said Mr Welsh gravely. "Come dinner is served, my dear."

It had been his habit when they were first married to fondly require an account from her at night of every minute of the day. The poor little woman, in her anxiety to entertain him, began to give it now as usual.

"You don't ask what your little busy bee has done to-day to improve the shining hours dear?"

"I shall be very glad to hear. But, Winifred could you not rid yourself of that habit of making trite quotations? A quotation should have novelty and wit to give it edge, and really you have worn Watt's hymns threadbare."

There was a sudden choking in his wife's throat. She half rose to her feet: the flood of passionate reproaches which had filled her heart so long trembled on her lips. If she had uttered them John Welch would at least have known the woman who was his wife, and this history need never have been written. But Springville discipline was on her yet, her old Sunday school rules of behavior rose immediately to her mind. She sat down again and broke a bit of bread with shaking fingers.

"I shall remember," she said with a set smile. "I was going, however, to tell you about the day. I went to market by dawn. I wanted to buy the rest of the butter—that is very good butter I think. After breakfast I canned a bushel of peaches, at 12 I sat down to read Grote's History of Greece (I still give an hour to this poor little mind of mine, you see.) Then I sewed until 3 and went on shopping until 5."

"You must be conscious of an approving conscience and a smiling heaven after such a record. How do you propose to end the day?"

"I thought—as you are at home—I am so glad you came home, John," laying her hand timidly on his arm.

"Yes, yes. All right. What are you going to do with the evening?"

Now Mrs Winifred's brain was dull, and her nerves lay deep under the firm, well regulated flesh. But she began to feel, with a sudden weak sense of insecurity in the world, and even in God, that her hold on her husband was gone, that her efforts at entertainment were tedious to him. She must give him society something more stimulating than her home gossip.

"Shall we go down to Mrs Jackson's?" she ventured. "The church sewing society meets there, and several of the gentlemen will drop in after tea."

Mr Welch did not reply for a minute or two. Then he said kindly, "I shall take you down to meet your friends, Winifred, and call for you when it is time to come home."

"You will not come? You do not think the people there congenial?" with a quickened tone.

"I did not say so," calmly.

"I thought a little gayety would round the day. There is no reason why every day should not be complete for us. There is no reason why our lives should not be complete and happy." Little Mrs Welch stood up, her coffee cup in her hand. For the first time in his life, her husband saw her chubby face utterly pallid, her hand shook so that the fragile cup fell, and was shattered into pieces. John saw that she did not even glance down at it. Her Minton ware, too—her china idol! Winifred's nature must be pierced to the core, he thought. Now that the crisis had come he flinched from it.

"I know no reason why we should not be happy. I do not think I fail in any duty, Winifred, and I am quite sure you do not."

Mrs Welch did not answer. When they passed out into the hall she went up the stairs, leaving him to go into the library alone. He heard her go into her own room and lock the door and stopped appalled, this quiet action was as tragic an outbreak from her as shrieks or hysterical cries would have been from any other woman.

But what was to be done? He paced up and down the library floor, an unlighted cigar in his mouth. What could he tell her? She had failed in no single point. She was the same pretty, neat, pious little woman whom he had loved so fondly two years one year ago. He had been reared in as strict conventional habits as she, love and marriage with her were a natural groove for his life to run into. How could he explain to her the sudden disgust which had grown upon him with the small decencies, the terrible decorous monotony by which their lives were hedged and barred? A man must have vent for his vagabond impulses, must "sow his wild oats" early or late in life he thought crumbling his cigar and flinging it in the fire. But he was sowing no wild oats. There was no crime in his finding a companion—a friend who could share his tastes go with him outside of the narrow little bounds with which his wife's ideas held him as in a cage. He hesitated, then put on his hat, and with a quick glance at the mirror in the hat rack went out.

Meanwhile Mrs Welch while other heroines would have been bathed in tears was looking at the matter quietly. After all, John had done nothing but absent himself from home more and more each week, he had simply grown cold to her. It might have been caused by tight places in business, a fit of indigestion. There was no other woman in the case. If there had been another woman! She got up and stood quite still in the middle of the room. There was a tap at the door.

"A note, ma'am," said the chambermaid. The note was from her friend Mrs Mace, Vice President and "cutter-out" with herself in the sewing society.

"Mrs Mace wanted a pattern of a new over skirt. She had "seen one on Mrs Voysey, who was staying at the Hoopers and thought, as Mr Welch was so *particular* a friend of hers, you might be intimate enough with her to borrow it. By the way what a good, unselfish creature you are to allow Mr W—— to be so *faithful* a friend to her. I saw them going out on one of their excursions for autumn leaves to the woods this morning and thought, 'Why is not dear Winny of that party?' Surely she enjoys fresh air and autumn leaves as well as they. But you, busy little housekeeper, were pickling or preserving, no doubt! Don't carry your self denial too far, though dear. Go with them to the opera to-morrow night."

Winifred let the paper fall. "John! My husband! To the woods—and opera—with a woman! It's a lie! a lie!"

She picked up the letter, and tore it into pieces in her white heat of rage. Then she sat down, according to her habit, to "think it over quietly."

When John Welch came home about midnight he found his wife in Jenny's room hanging over her crib with medicines and bath tubs in readiness. "She has been threatened with croup," she said, without looking up. She had thought it over enough to know that it was true.

The explanation was enough to account for blue lips and hollow eyes. He took up the baby's hand and kissed it. "Call me if I am needed," he said going sleepily to bed.

But when he was there he could not sleep. Miss Voysey had gone with him to hunt minerals. "So different from Winney, who called even my specimens of corundum and beryl 'stones.' They might as well be bits of a Mac Adam turnpike for her!" Laura Voysey was keen eyed as a lynx looking for minerals and simple, frank as a child in her manner and talk. "She has genuine humor too, which women always lack," he thought.

But it certainly was not the quality she had found nor her jokes which made him toss sleeplessly over poor Winney's braided pillow every half of the night. It was a word or two in a ballad she had sung, a piteous little thing in a minor key, it was a burning heat that rose to her face as he took her hand to help her into the car this morning and the terrified glance at him lest he had seen it. "She is just like a child," he muttered, quite unable to conceal her emotions yet doubtless with the emotions of a woman."

CHAPTER II

Mr Welch breakfasted alone the next morning. His wife, the servant reported had fallen asleep after her long walk. When he came home in the evening he found a note from her saying that as the child still seemed ailing, she had determined to take it up to Bethlehem, for pure air, and might remain there a day or two. The nurse was with her, and they would be at the old Sun Hotel and be very comfortable, and she was his very hastily, Winny.

John Welch changed color. "Gone without consulting me without saying good by! Why, but a little while ago she would not go out for an hour without kissing him and whispering "God bless you dear!" She was such a loving, devout little thing!" It gave him a wrench in some part of his nature, which Miss Voysey had not reached for her to neglect him.

Yet it *was* convenient for her to be out of town to-night. In that case nobody could take exception to his joining the Hooper party at the opera. He went to dress in a nervous flutter. The opera, and even the evening dress, was a novelty to the staid, church going business man. He was going to study this young girl's nature, too, as a mere intellectual enjoyment, she was alone, unappreciated by her family, he knew from chance words she had dropped, he could give her at least a silent, tender sympathy. The white gloves and delicate necktie were adjusted at last and he took his way to the Hoopers'. After he had crossed the street a little black figure, wrapped in a waterproof darted out of the door and followed him in the shadow. Jenny and the nurse were asleep in the old Dutch hotel at Bethlehem but Jenny's mother had been hidden all day in the garret.

"Hello! Just in time, Welch," cried Major Hooper, as he came into the brilliantly lighted parlor. "Mrs Welch not coming? Out of town? Too bad. Well you and Laura can discuss your rocks undisturbed. Laura has the headache too poor child."

The windows contrary to Philadelphia usage, were open, and Winny could see the tall rounded figure half reclining on the sofa the white furred cloak suffering the soft neck and shoulders to gleam into light. Miss Voysey was not a beautiful woman, but her eyes, tender and liquid looked into every man's face as though he were the only living being she could trust and after that a thick nose or heavy jaw mattered little. John Welch drawing closer to her and meeting this look with the hazy effect of half bared bosom, showy silk, and warm hand outstretched felt as though he were about to drink some unknown wine, whose fumes had already intoxicated him.

A couple of policemen going by brushed against a small cloaked figure on the other side of the way. One of them touched her on the back. "You'd best move on, Molly," he said.

"You're mistaken, Joe," said the other "that's a decent woman. Curious, like her sex to look at the quality."

Winifred Welch had thought nothing could hurt her after last night but the touch of the policeman's finger seemed to burn into her flesh. Since she was born she was in the very grim respectable. She who sat in the front rank of devout Sunday school teachers, dodging in disguise about alleys at night! She looked at the alluring, loose limbed Miss Voysey with the intense hate which only narrow goodness can feel. "It is *she* that has brought me to this," she muttered, and determined she should pay the debt of shame with interest. She meant to follow her husband to the Academy of Music watch him prove his guilt if guilt there was and guilty or not, bring him back. Winny looked at her rival with the eyes of jealousy, she seemed irresistable to her as Cleopatra, she knew herself to be little, formal stiff, even priggish. "But I am not altogether a Sunday school machine! You do not know the women you married," her eyes fixed on her husband.

Miss Voysey did not go to the opera, however. The window behind her was open, and the moon shone into the garden. She looked out dreamily as John talked to her, and interrupted him suddenly. "Is not this moonlight better than the red and blue blazes from behind the scenes? Do you really want to see Don Juan dragged down a trap-door into hell? The wind through these trees is sweeter than any music," in half whisper.

"Now, Laura," cried Mrs Hooper. "After all the trouble the Major had to get a good box! To want to stay and look at the back yard! The back yard will be there to-morrow."

"Would you really prefer to stay?" asked Mr Welch, gently.

"Oh, no!" rising with a resigned sigh. "I shall go if aunt insists on it."

"Now, Laury, if your head aches, child, stay at home," said the Major positively. "Come, Elizabeth." He swept his wife out of the room, while Mr Welch, forgotten in the excitement, dropped into a chair beside Laura. She sank back with a slow, contented smile.

"I have stayed," he said anxiously, "and perhaps you—you would rather be alone?"

"I am alone when you are with me. That is, I am not conscious of anything different to myself. When I talk to you I only think aloud," lifting her eyes and resting them on his.

Mr Welch moved on his seat uneasily. This was a delicious, strange experience. Why had he never had a friend before? In his courtship with Winny, what with her shy blushes and modesty, there had been none of this frank communion of soul with soul this instinct of oneness. There was a long silence. Her languor her quiet, had a strange charm after the brilliant madcap moods of fun in which he knew her best.

She drew a long breath at last. "The air is stifling to night, and the trees have no scent of the forest in them. I wish——" she paused.

"I know what you wish! You have the woods home sickness upon you. We can at least go out where the air is pure, and Nature is left undisturbed. Come, wrap yourself more warmly. We are but a few steps from a secluded spot in the park, and, if you will, I will take you out on the river—if you will trust yourself with me."

She stood a moment bending forward and looking up at him. Certainly never was a smile more innocent or sweeter than Laura's. "Yes," she whispered, pausing between each word, "I will trust myself with you."

To Mrs Welch the smile did not appear so intoxicating perhaps, as to her husband. She saw, too, that the black lace about the mantle which she put on threw into stronger relief the tender eyes, the white throat. "But it is not her art that attracts him, it is her frankness," she said bitterly.

She followed them up the street into the park down one dusky alley of trees after another. John Welch walked as in a dream yet he had reason enough left to compare this girl with his wife. She had not Winny's beauty nor even intelligence but she was so transparent, so guileless. It was the singular quality in every look and word that entranced him.

Her absolute innocence made her perhaps too often in her words walk boldly where angels would fear to tread.

They came at last to an utterly deserted spot, where the heavily wooded bank sloped down to the broad river. The moon shone on the further bank. Laura sat down upon a bench under a tree, and John stood leaning on the trunk looking down at her.

"It is as lonely as Paradise must have been," said she, "when there was but the water and the wood and the man and the women together."

How could she suggest such thoughts except, in the very recklessness of childhood?

"I am Adam and you my Eve," he said with an uneasy smile, drawing his breath quicker.

She nodded gayly. "They were the first friends, and you——"

"Am I your first friend?" eagerly. "Young girls have so many intimacies—flirtations! Oh is it possible? I cannot hope for that."

"Yes," she said, with a sweet gravity. "You are the first—the only one I ever had. I have lived such a lonely life, lonely life, I have been kept a child by my mother, in utter seclusion. She is a widow you know."

"No, I did not know. I know nothing of your past life, or of you, except that—that—" He stopped swallowing once or twice as if choking. Then he gently moved her mantle aside and sat down at her side. "I am afraid," he said at last, "that when you see more of the world I will appear too—too old to be your friend."

"You do not seem old to me. How could you?" she murmured. "We live so solitary a life in the country, that I really have seen no men except the old clergyman and Maj Hooper and then—you. It seemed natural that you should be my friend. You will be my friend?" looking with a start of alarm.

The moon shone on her face.

He did not speak, her warm breath touched his cheek. He found her soft hand which was hidden under the mantle. "I am," he said.

They were both silent. Then his head slowly bent closer, her breath came hot and quick and then lips met.

There was a sudden crash behind them of a broken bough. Miss Voysey gave a little shriek. "It is a squirrel doubtless," said John Welch rising quickly. "But it's growing late. Shall we go home?"

She rose more slowly, and walked beside him. He was strangely silent and did not offer her his arm. Was the first taste of the wine bitter or too sweet? He parted from her, almost without a word, at Maj Hooper's door.

CHAPTER III

John Welsh rose haggard and pale the next morning. All day a mad intoxication came upon him at times as a drunkard who must drain the just tasted cup or die. Then there were times when he raged at Winifred's absence, and felt that if she were at home he would waken into daylight out of a bad dream.

Maj Hooper met him just at nightfall and told him Miss Voysey had gone home, suddenly summoned by her mother.

Then he painted her in his feverish visions, framed in a lonely cottage, a very hermitage, overgrown by roses, in a deep forest, with no companion but her mother, a pure, saintly woman.

Two days afterward he received a note from his wife. "I have left the town and taken lodgings in a country inn," she said. "Will you not come up and spend Sunday with Jenny and me?" giving minute directions how to find her.

Sunday, and his little girl and his wife! John Welsh's face suddenly lightened, and he drove the clerks about energetically to make time for him to go.

Early Saturday morning he got out of a Jersey wagon at the door of a tawdry looking house on the roadside,—a wagon stand before which a cart, one or two buggies, driven by jaunty young fellows, had stopped. "It is a very depot for heat, and flies, and vulgarity," he said to himself, making his way through the bar where a red faced young man was pouring out applejack, to a 6 by 12 parlor, gay with red and green carpets and striped paper, and a dozen colored photographs suspended by window cord. "What can have possessed Winifred to come to such a place? Is Mrs Welch here?" he asked aloud, of a blowsy old woman in a black dress, much the worse for gravy drippings and snuff.

"Yes. She has walked out to the woods. You are Mr Welch I suppose?"

John bowed. There was something familiar in her face, familiar as though a lovely dream had been converted into a frightful nightmare.

"I am Mrs Voysey. Laury!" screaming up the stairs. "My daughter and you are old friends, Mrs Welsh tells me."

"Your daughter! Laura."

For it was Laura who crossing the porch, in one of those trailing, beltless, dirty calico gowns affected by chambermaids, her hair—why had he never seen how coarse and greasy it was?—uncombed and tumbled down her neck.

One of the young men from the buggy was chasing her up the stairs. "I say, Laury, you've got to do it, now! I'll pay double for the drink, Mrs. Voysey, if Loll will sweeten it with a kiss."

"Get away with you, Bill Rowe! These young people are full of their fun, Mr Welch," said Mrs Voysey. "Why, Laura what ails you?"

Bill Rowe had gained his kiss with but slight resistance and plenty of giggling from Laura, when she turned and saw Mr Welch. She hesitated a moment but could not fall into her old role expertly enough, and with a half sob and a barmaid toss of the head, she left the room.

"I'm so glad," the old woman said, hurriedly, "that Laury has made such agreeable friends in town as you and Mrs Welch. She always had a good deal of capacity, Laury had, but since her misfortune the young men make free with her, and it's spiling her manners."

"What was her misfortune?" said John Welch. He leaned, sick and cold, against the wall.

"Why, since her husband left her. There he goes now, drunken scamp, down the road. Always prowling about to annoy her and me."

"I did not know that Miss Voysey had a husband," with a laugh unnaturally loud.

Mrs Voysey raised her hands. "Bless my soul, I forgot! Maj Hooper—he's my first cousin, you know—said he'd just introduce Laury in town as Miss Voysey. It might keep off unpleasant remarks."

"I—I understand. Where is my wife?" He hurried down the road and found Winny, in a soft white wrapper, somewhere under the trees with Jenny. He thought he never had seen a picture so pure, and tender, and lovely. Mrs Welch meant it should be, she had "set the stage" for herself, if not for Laura.

"I have come to bring you home," he said, clasping her in his arms.

"Won't your go into the Voysey House, dear?"

"I've had enough of the Voysey House," he said with an oath, and then laughed a hearty, genuine laugh.

"Come, Winny, let's go home to decent ways and decent women. You too, baby," tossing Jenny in the air. "God bless you two little women."

John Welch found a curious change in one of the little women after that. Her stiff, neat habits and ideas had dropped from her as too tight a garment, and below was a different creature from his wife, more wilful, more passionate and much more lovable. He found her a difficult companion for a while and had to woo and win her all over again. He never knew what had changed her temper or ways of thought. It could not be the grace of God, according to orthodox doctrines, it was more like the work of the devil. But it certainly was a change very much for the better.

THE VICTORY OF LIFE

BY THEODORE TILTON

I once made search in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind

I toiled for riches—as if these
Could give the spirit ease!

I turned aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before

I tasted then of love and fame,
But hungered still the same

I chose the sweetest paths I know,
Where only roses grew

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
With warning in this wise

O my disciple! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet?

Thy Master even for His head,
Had only thorns instead!

Then drawn as by a heavy grace
I left the flowery place

And walked on cutting flints and stones,
And said with tears and groans

O Lord! my feet where Thou dost lead
Shall follow though they bleed!

As then I saw He chose my path
For discipline not wrath—

I walked in weakness till at length
I suffered unto strength

Yet never were my trials done,
But only new begun

For, when I learned to cast disdain
Upon some special pain

He gave me sharper strokes to bear
And pierced me to despair

Until so sorely was I pressed,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the Tempter's power
But in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot I cried, "O Lord!
Break Thou the three fold cord!"

And while my soul was at her prayer
He snatched me from the snare

I then drew nigh the gate of death,
Where struggling for my breath

I shook my coward knees in fear
Aghast to stand so near!

Yet while I shivered in the gloom,
Down gazing in the tomb

"O Lord," I cried, "beat Thou my sin
And I will enter in"

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied,

For then he crushed me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe—

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief

Yet bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew His judgment just

And as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing

So I, all shattered still could raise
To His dear name the praise!

Henceforth I know a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care

For, when my struggling flesh grows faint
And murmurs with complaint,

My spirit cries, "THY WILL BE DONE!"
And finds the victory won!

From Lippincott's Magazine

PARISIAN POLITENESS.

BY LUCY H HOOPER

Among the drawbacks of a residence in Paris to an American woman, is an absence of the kindly deference, to which, by virtue of her womanhood alone, she is accustomed at home. The much vaunted politeness of the French nation is the thinnest possible varnish over total impertinence or actual rudeness. None of the true heartfelt, genuine courtesy that is so freely accorded to our sex in our own favored land is to be met with here. "A woman is weak and defenceless," argue apparently a large class of Parisians, "therefore we will stare her out of countenance, we will mutter impudent speeches in her ear, we will elbow her off the sidewalk, we will thrust her aside if we want to enter a public conveyance." Politeness is a thing of hat lifting, of bowing and scraping of *Pardon!* and '*Merci!*' It is an article to be worn, like a dress coat and a white tie, in a drawing room and among our acquaintances. We have the right article for that occasion—very sweet, very refined, very graceful, very charming indeed. But as for every day use—*nenni!* That deep, true, and chivalrous courtesy, that respects and protects a woman, merely because she is a woman, and as such needs the guardianship of the stronger sex, is something of which they have never heard, and which they do not understand. They will hand Madame la Duchesse de la Haute Volee, or Mademoiselle Trois Etoiles into her carriage with incomparable grace, but they will push Mrs Brown into the gutter, and will whisper in poor blushing Miss Brown's ear that she is "*une fillette charmante*."

And when the Frenchman *is* rude his impoliteness is worse than that of other nations, because he knows better, he is rude with *malice prepense*. The lower classes have especially lost much of their courtesy since the Commune. I have seen a French workingman thrust a lady violently aside on a crowded sidewalk, with a scowl and a muttered curse that lent significance to the act. And the graceful, *suave* courtesy of the shopkeepers—how swiftly it flies out of the window, when their hope of profit in the shape of the departing shopper walks out of the door!

Shortly before quitting the United States, I went into one of our large public libraries to consult a voluminous work of reference. In the remote recess where the books were kept, sat a gentleman, intent on the perusal of a volume, his chair tipped back as far as it could be with safety inclined and his feet resting on the table. "Horrid fellow," I said to myself, glancing at the obtrusive members, and going forward to the book case in search of the work I wanted. It proved to be of somewhat ponderous dimensions and higher than I could conveniently reach so I stood on tiptoe and tugged vainly at it for a moment. My friend of the feet saw my dilemma, and down went his book, and he sprang to my assistance in an instant. "Allow me," he said, and in a moment the heavy tome was brought down, dusted by a few turns of his pocket handkerchief, and laid on the table for my accommodation. If he had but known it, there was mingled with my thanks a world of unuttered, but heart felt apologies for my former hard thoughts respecting his attitude. And therein lay the difference between the two nationalities. A Frenchman would have died, rather than have made a library table a resting place for his feet, but he would have let a woman he did not know break a blood vessel by her exertions before he would have rendered her the slightest assistance.

American women are too apt to accept all the courtesies offered them by strangers at home as their right even neglecting to render the poor meed of thanks in return. But let them when in Paris try to get into an omnibus on a wet day, and being thrust aside by a strong armed Frenchman, they will remorsefully remember the seats accorded to them in crowded cars and accepted thanklessly, and as a matter of course. And when the lounger on the boulevards dogs their steps, or whispers his insulting compliments in their shuddering ear, they will remember how they were guarded at home, not by one protector, but by all right-minded mankind, and will thank Heaven that their brothers, their sons, their husbands "are not even as these are."

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another. And, in the course of a long life, he did pick up, at different times, a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and Nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died a rich old man he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.—*Theodore Parker*

From the Winsted Herald

THE TOPIC OF THE DAY

"Land o Goshen!" says Widow Green
It's the cur'ousest thing that ever was seen!
And all the moril that I can see
(If there's any moril about it)
Is—nobody oughter learn to write,
For letters make mischief out o' sight!
And the immoril on't it is—how a lie
Will grow an' grow till it fills the sky,
And tell the truth as loud as you will
That lie keeps growin' somewhere still
For roses bloom in a garden plot
But pigweeds flourish in any spot
The dirtiest hole they like the best
And grow yard high on a dung hill's breast
And there's fifty muck-heaps the whole world over
To where there's a garden or field of clover
I'm great on lastin' a lesson to mind
And out o' this muss there's one I find
You can't tell what any man is at heart
By looking to see him take his part
If I'd 'a' done it, why so would he!
That creed's the creed shows what they be!
For since old Noe went through the flood
The good'll stick to the sile like mud
And the bad'll cling like lumps o' pitch
To the first rank badness they own to stich
But poor lamentable brother B——!
Was ever man in such traits as he?
Smeared and drabbled and rubbed in mire,
For helpin' a feller out o' the fire
Paid for goodness with dirt and shame
By a critter for which there ain't no name
He makes me think of a man I knew
Jest as good an' unlucky too
'Twas our old minister Parson Peters,
The best of all the Lord's good creturs,
Tender to every mortal thing,
And a little green like the grass in Spring,
He couldn't see a kitten hurt
Without a pickin' it out o' the dirt
One night a takin' his usual stroll,
Thinkin' o' nothin' but his soul
A little critter all black an' white
Went limpin' an' scud'in' out o' sight,
And fell in a post hole jest before
You come to Deacon Burnes's door
The Parson as soon as the hole he sees
Gets down at once on his good old knees,
And reached in for the little cat
To help it out—it was at that!—
He fetched it up—and he flung it down
Why it scented the hull of Baketown!
And the Parson soaked to his own barn door
And left his clothes on the threshin' floor,
You'd better believe when mornin' came
They made a heap for fire and flame
But the Parson he says— It served me right
I'd oughter have used my natural sight,
When a man ain't crazy nor blind nor drunk
He's a fool if he doesn't know a skunk

From Chambers's Journal

THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

AN old writer—I think it was Jeremy Taylor—says, "No person that is clamorous can be wise." This is one of those sayings that everybody believes without reasoning about because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of few words thinks much, that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who is taken for a wise man until he begins to speak is not a perfect fool, on account of his quietness—that outward semblance of wisdom—he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely—and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe—is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the foolish and the eloquence of the wise cannot be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet, nor can

"The loud laugh that marks the vacant mind."

The art of being quiet can lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folk and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words quiet repose calmness tranquility, peace are in themselves beautiful and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their *benetre physique*, for all the world is ready to do say or give anything for a quiet life. One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. "Be quiet, child," is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the British nursery and school room as the famous "Know thyself!" was in the ancient grove of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a profitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated mainly for the benefit of the grown up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to *think* about life and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value, to the irrational creature it is nothing, to the rational it is much. In the first place, it removes what Mr De Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls "the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details." It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of the great Giver, must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child—since he cannot go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim—it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things—the carelessness the thoughtless joy, "the tear forgot as soon as shed" which however beautiful, because appropriate in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity—to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to understand how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But besides this conscious and, as it were, active use of quiet which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive—though, to the adult, not unconscious—use of quiet which belongs only to particular cases, and which is of even higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organization than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases—in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious man—the still, calm soul is laid bare before the face of nature, and is affected by the "spirit breathing from that face." It does not study, nor scrutinize nor seek to penetrate the mystery. It does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery, it is simply quiet beneath the overarching influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind—the passive as opposed to the active quiet—when he cites Wordsworth's well known verses in the following passage. "It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek, sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

"Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

And again—

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects upon the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive, that it is open to revelations and inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught, for, although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has "a grace beyond the reach of art." To give rules for its attainment, would savour of presumption in one who cannot pretend to be an adept, but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the

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art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained, first by natural instinct or genius, second by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower and, as it were active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world wherein the verb to do ranks so much higher than the verb to be. The way of instinct or genius cannot be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can sit still and think within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue—when we are silent, not only when we hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half thoughts or hasty opinions but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm, earnest manner when we are most actively employed. *Ohne hast aber ohne Rast*, as the German proverb says is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, cannot attain without it. The amount of self government which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word and deed are under control of the reasoning will. Irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason, he is always master of himself—that is being self possessed. Thence proceed "self-reverence, self knowledge, self control." The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances—what is called the tyranny of circumstances—may move, but cannot upset it, it is quiet within and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments, a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet—quiet enough to examine his own powers and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties, and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attained—that useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I cannot refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favorite of the book loving public, for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favorite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste. The sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Read what he now says. "It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestations of a serene lesson, the skies and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent too, for the most part is earth, save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before peace loves it and hearts are drawn together by it conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory, gentleness done is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law, and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention which emanated from the God-given wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind and after the wind was an earthquake and after the earthquake was a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God given voice of conscience in the heart, most potent when most gentle breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination."

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused or hurried affects us with a sense of beauty, whereas anything that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful and does the work of a beautiful thing which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude which can emanate only from a peaceful and well regulated mind may not have a good feature nor a well proportioned limb, and yet will attract others as if he or she were beautiful. They will be gladdened by the approach of such a one, love to be near him, to be under the influence of that beautiful or beauty making power, and feel all their gentlest and best feelings excited by his presence. More than all they themselves will be quieted by being near him, for repose of character, and the loveliness attendant on it are contagious. So it is with a quiet place—a place where order and fitness of details produce a unity of effect. This unity of aspect in a landscape or a room is what is called harmony in the language of art, it is what in common language may be called repose or quiet, and is the thing which we all seek—without knowing it, for the most part—when we gaze upon a natural landscape, or look round us in a room. A quiet comfortable room is full of beauty, and everybody loves it, a quiet beautiful landscape is full of the comfort which all beauty brings to the refined mind. There are also refined minds which, having attained in perfection the art of quiet, reflect their own harmony upon the landscape they look on or the room in which they are, they carry about with them repose and quiet, as the joyous minds carry with them sunshine and gladness. In this world so full of love and sorrow, the loving cannot always be glad, nor desire to be glad, but always they are glad to be quiet. Quietude is beautiful and good, let us strive to cultivate it in our hearts, that it may give us pleasure and opportunity for raising and purifying our souls, which is the highest duty set before us on earth. Far be from our souls all noise and tumult, violence and confusion, even about good things, and let us learn to compose our hearts that we may commune with high things, and heed as little as may be "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," except to convert it into the "peace which passeth all understanding."

THE following curious anecdote appears in the European press. Duke de Gramont Caderousse, who died at the age of thirty two once made a wager that he could get himself arrested in Paris within an hour without doing anything to merit it. The bet was taken fifty louis. Caderousse jumped into a cab, drove to the Temple, and soon returned in a sordid costume. A tattered cap on his head, trowsers in rags hobnailed boots, torn, muddy down at heels. He rubbed his face and hands over with dirt, and then begged some one to follow him. Thus prepared, he entered a café on Boulevard Poissonniere, seated himself at a table, and called out "Waiter! a bottle of champagne!" The man hesitated an instant, and then said in an undertone "That costs twelve francs." "Well!" replied de Gramont, "I have money to pay with!" And he drew from his pocket forty five bank notes of one thousand francs each, which he laid on the table. The master of the establishment sent at once for some sergents de-ville, and in a few minutes the pretended vagabond was saying to the Commissary of Police "I am the Duke de Gramont-Caderousse. I had laid a wager that I should be arrested without having done anything to deserve it. I have won, and I have now only to thank you."

INTEREST, EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY.

Ben Adam had a golden coin, one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew,
Year after year awaiting him it lay
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew—
And these two, four—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is," and bowed the servile head

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way,—
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave,
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied

In prosperity be moderate, in adversity be prudent.

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In remitting sums of money, drafts or money orders should be used; but when neither of these can be obtained, send the money in a registered letter.

The President has called an extra session of the United States Senate, to begin on the 5th of March.

Thirteen thousand rare and valuable books of the late C. L. Ward of Towanda, has been presented to Lafayette College.

AN attempt was made about a week ago, to poison Phineas Kirkbride, residing near Evesham, Burlington County, N. J., by drugging his coffee. A man in his employ who was suspected of the crime has fled.

Roberna Griese, a girl of 16, was commited at Boston, Monday, on the charge of having "raised" a certificate of stock of the Michigan Central Railroad from one share to sixty. The alteration, which was well executed, raised the apparent value of the certificate from $60 to $4080, and $2000 was obtained upon it before the fraud was discovered.

Good news comes from the last part of the world whence it could be expected. "Slavery is abolished among the white subjects of the King of Siam." Like the Japanese, the Siamese are, through their own and ruler's aid, persistently trying to raise themselves to a higher standard of civilization, and to stand before the world as an example to other Asiatic nations.

A somewhat serious quarrel agitates the religious community of Brooklyn. It is a dispute in the congregation of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in regard to the toleration of secret societies. The pastor of the church, Rev. Frederick Koerner, defies his congregation in regard to Masonry, and says he does not believe in secret societies. He refuses to administer the communion to a Mr. Wredin inasmuch as he was a Mason. Mr. Wredin insisted that Masonry did not interfere with his integrity as a member of the church. The congregaion called a meeting of the officers of the church, and it was decided that a minister must administer the sacrament to any member of the church without reference to his society relations. Mr. Koerner declined to abide by this decision, and the church member held another meeting, at which they resolved to dispense with the services of the pastor.

WARMINSTER NOTES.—A tract of land without buildings, situated on the east side of the York pike, in Warminster, containing 60 acres, and belonging to the estate of the late John C. Beans, was sold last week at private sale to Thomas Beans, of Burlington county, New Jersey.

At the public sale of the real estate of John Temple, in Warminster, on the 17th of Feb., the farm was bid to $115 per acre, but not sold.

A young man had his leg broken in the act of wrestling one day last week, at the vendue of the late Robert Means, in Warwick township.

Edward Bailey has rented the Mineral Spring Hotel of John Berrill, at the Willow Grove, and will remove there soon.

Wm. Kenderdine has sold his Hotel and forty acres of land, situated at the York pike and street road, in Warminster, at private sale to Samual Robinson, Jr., of Philadelphia, and formerly of Warminster township, Bucks Co.

The supervisors of Warminster, met on Saturday last, and layed the road tax at 20 cents to the $100.

The Johnsville Building and Loan Association will meet on the first Saturday in March, for the election of annual officers.

The Warminster election was not well attended; there being 234 votables in the township, and only 123 votes polled. The result being about equal for each party. Among the fifteen officers elected there are seven Democrats and eight Republicans; of the twenty-seven who ran for offices, all were cut more or less except Thomas Montanye, the Democract nominee for Auditor, who came out victorious and with a clear record.

George Brown, of Johnsville has sold 24½ dozen of eggs from ten fowls, from Christmas until the election.

PROSPECTVILLE NOTES.—The Republican candidates at the late election were elected, with the exception of constable, upon which office a sharp contest was held, resulting in the choice of the Democratic candidate, a man eminently qualified for the position. Mr. Charles S. Rorer, one of the most popular gentlemen in the upper end of the township, was elected Justice of the Peace. Mr. Smith, teacher of the Lower school, Montgomery township, held an entertainment in his school-room on Thursday last, the proceeds being for the benefit of the school. The Teachers' Institute recently held in North Wales, was a successful affair throughout, reflecting credit upon the originators and participants thereof. Prof. Allen, who has been recently engaged in Institute work in Bucks county, was present part of the session on Saturday morning, and was gladly welcomed by his many old friends here in Montgomery county. The Good Templars of Montgomery county held their 24th Quarterly Convention in Kulpsville. on the 13th inst., a large number of delegates from the various lodges of the county being present; during the last quarter there has been an increase of working members throughout the county. The May Convention will be held in Pottstown, in the "upper end." The *Democrat* has incurred the ill-will of the *Record*, by some strictures upon the latter's Doylestown correspondent "Jennie," whom the local of the former called an "old maid," and in doing so, caused said "Jennie" to have her spirits somewhat ruffled. The *Daily and Weekly Independent* is about being sold at public sale, by the assignees of the proprietor thereof. The new *Daily Register*, recently started in Norristown, is progressing finely, and gives promise of yet standing upon a satisfactory level with the other dailies of the place. The *Defender* is now the only weekly which is not publishing a daily issue. It seems strange that neither Bristol or Doylestown, the largest towns of Bucks county, has ever yet attained the dignity of a daily paper. The excellence of your weeklies, however, is a matter of pleasing consideration to all interested in the success of newspaper projects. Superintendent Rambo is publishing a series of articles in the papers of the county, respecting the condition of the schools visited by him and the success attendent upon the peculiar plans of each teacher. These articles are of exceeding interest, coming as they do from the head of the school system of the county. Your correspondent was recently asked to explain the reason of this village bearing such a peculiar primitive name as "Cashtown." We understand that years ago, before our village was so well known, a prominent citizen who then had charge of the village store, was repeatedly importuned for credit. His invariable answer was, "No, gentlemen; this hereafter will be a Cash-town, as far as my business is concerned," and the name still clings to the locality, despite its subsequent baptism of "Prospectville." The man floating down the Neshaminy was a "scare-crow" man, a man of straw, all sensational stories to the contrary, notwithstanding.

HULMEVILLE NOTES.—The citizens of our sister borough, Attleboro', are agitating the subject of a new public road, beginning at the old brick-yard lot, in Attleboro', and extending through J. Tomlinson's and Moses Knight's lands, crossing the new railroad near the old mill, then along the line of Knight's and Willard's, and through A. K. Joyce's and E. G. Harrison's lands, until it strikes the present road from Attleboro' to Hulmeville, near Daniel Lawrence's. This, if carried out, will be a great improvement, as it will avoid the high grade of what is known as Langhorn's hill; it will make it near to the depot of the new railroad to citizens in the western part of Attleboro'. It is thought there will be very little opposition to the opening of the contemplated road. Our citizens were much surprised on hearing of the sudden decease of John Stephenson Mitchell, formerly of this place, but lately of Reading, Pa. Mr. M. was a bright and intelligent man; his literary attainments were of a high order; his genial manners and generous feelings endeared him to many friends. His remains were brought to Hulmeville and the funeral was on Saturday last; his brethren of the Order of Odd-Fellows attended his burial; Rev. Dr. Burdett officiated at the house and Rev. Mr. Brinckloe, chaplain of the Lodge, officiated at the grave in Beechwood cemetery. The Neshaminy Lodge of Hulmeville buried another of their members on Monday last, Mr. Wilson Wrick, of Newportville; his funeral was attended by his brethren of this Order as well as from the Order of Red Men of Bristol. His body was also interred at Beechwood, with the impressive ceremonies of these orders.—The people of this borough, after voting under the system of what is known as "cumulative" voting, for four years, are almost unanimous in favor of its abolishment. It may look well in theory, but works badly in practice, opening the way to pranks simply playful, but of bad result upon the affairs of a body politic. At the last meeting of Council the Burgess was instructed to apply to Court to change the borough charter in this matter. The Good Templars of this place held their usual annual entertainment on Washington's birthday; the programme was a very lengthy one and gave great satisfaction. Mr. Eastburn and his pupil, Harry Gill, gave violin duetts, accompanied by Mr. Hatzell and Miss Wyncoop on the Hornbecker organ. Mr. Vandegrift and his pupil, Samuel Parr, also gave duetts, with the violin, accompanied by Mrs. Gilbert and Miss M. R. Harrison, on the piano. Mr. Vandegrift gave also solos on the violin and cornet. Mr. Gilbert gave some very amusing comic songs. Miss Maggie Bache read several selections, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Miss B. is very popular here as a reader; her imitation of Irish character cannot well be excelled. while her reading of the Creed of Bells evidenced great command of the voice. There were other exercises, such as vocal music, recitations and dialogues, all well rendered. James Headly, for many years a respected citizen of Attleboro', died at the Old Man's Home, in Philadelphia, and was buried on Wednesday of this week, at Attleboro'. Mr. Headly attained the advanced age of 102 years. The mild weather of the past few days and the rain of Wednesday morning, caused another rise in the Neshaminy, and another break up of ice occurred; in consequence of the ice-jam from the mouth of the Neshaminy to Newportville, the water cannot pass out into the Delaware, consequently it is now backing up even as far as Hulmeville, as the flood has risen to a level at the Newport dam and is three feet in depth on the breast of it. Ice and water cover all the meadows below. The light seen at the north on Tuesday evening, about 10 o'clock, was caused by the burning of John Blaker's barn, opposite the old Fair Grounds at Newtown. The barn and contents were destroyed; insured in the Newtown company; cause of fire unknown: no one was about at time of the fire except Mrs. Vodges, who lived in the house close by. The great light caused by the fire attracted people from a great distance.

NEWPORTVILLE NOTES:—Hon. George Lear delivered a lecture before the Literary Society on last Friday evening—subject "Heroes in Private Life." The lecture had been announced for the occasion, and the thronged house which greeted him (there not being less than four hundred persons in the hall,) and the marked attention which was given to all he said, showed that his remarks, inferences, and illustrations of his subject were highly appreciated. He spoke for an hour and a half. At the close of the lecture, on motion of Mr. A. J. Collom he was tendered a vote of thanks, and made an honorary member of the society. This is the fourth lecture of the Course under arrangement of the Literary Association, given this winter, and there will be three more before the close of the season. The management deserve much praise for the efforts made in behalf of intellectual improvement. Mrs. Wilkinson of Bensalem, and Miss D. Douglass of Bristol, played and sung several very fine selections on the above occasion, which were highly appreciated by the audience. On Friday, 26th inst., the question, "Should education be compulsory?" will be discussed. Messrs. J. Sloat, A. Ramsey and A. J. Collom will take the affirmative, and Messrs. Kirkbride and DeWitt the negative. The firm of Thornton and Wrick (the latter deceased,) has been dissolved, and the establishment is now leased by Mr. C. Rue. who is carrying on the fifth-wheel business. 'Squire Fetter slipped upon the ice last week, and sustained some injury. The slippery state of our roads and walks during the past six or eight weeks, has not been equalled within memory. In this neighborhood most of the wells are dry, or nearly so, and many farmers have been compelled to carry water for their stock; and in some cases where the distance was too great to carry water, in driving their animals to get it, accidents have happened from their slipping, particularly to colts. The dams at Hulmeville and Newportville, which have been badly damaged, are being put under temporary repair. At the former a coffer-dam is being constructed, preparatory to building a new dam, which will be commenced as soon as circumstances will permit, and for which the stone is now being quarried. Mr. Barclay has been made an offer of $5,000 to build the dam, which has not yet been accepted. Two fishponds upon the homestead farm of Mr. C. N. Taylor, broke their banks last week, and have now run dry. Mr. W. W. Rose sold out one of the most extensive stock of wagons and carriages ever disposed of at vendue in this section of our county; the sale was on Wednesday. The statement I made last week, that he would retire from business, is erroneous; he will continue, as heretofore. The Andalusia Lyceum has adjourned sine die; everybody wanted to be brigadier-general, and to-day it is one of the things of the past. McGinnis's section of the new railroad, which runs through Mr. C. N. Taylor's farm at Langhorn's hill, is almost graded; all of the excavations that are now made were effected by blasting with gunpowder and nitro-glycerin, and the loud and deep reports were heard hourly in this village. If a warm rain should soon occur, the probability is, that great damage would be done along the Neshaminy, and some of the bridges might be carried away.

In the course of the Tariff debate at Washington, Mr. Hereford, of West Virginia, made a remarkable statement by way of enforcing economy. He said that the total net revenue of the Government from 1789 to 1874, had been a little over 6,000,000,000, and that of this sum more than half, viz.: 3,400,000,000 had been raised in eight years, from 1866 to 1874. Further, that the amount received in the Treasury was greater by seven hundred millions than the whole national debt in 1866. He argued that the people had been impoverished by extravagance and heavy taxation, not during the war, but since the war.

ITEMS CONCERNING WOMEN.

The following is an extract from a speech recently delivered by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Boston:

"One would think that our need of a better conduct of public affairs would urge men to be just to women. No intelligent person doubts that we need all the refinement, intelligence, purity, and consecration of our people in public life.

"Religious and charitable and social institutions are founded and sustained by the help of women. If I wanted to found a church on the frontier, not until I knew that the women would help should I feel sure of success. Women devise and administer charities wisely and well. A home is not possible, even so far as appointments that help to ennoble and purify taste are concerned, unless women lend their refined intelligence to its adorning. The worst society will be reclaimed by the influence of good women. "Thank God," said the California miners, as they crowded to the wharf to see the first ship load of women come to port, "thank God, the women are coming to make us better." Mr. Bruce says that women can tame the "street Arabs" and civilize the uncivilized outcasts of New York, more surely than men can, in the charitable societies."

"Several young women of Chester Park and vicinity, in Boston, have organized a club to learn how to cook."

Such a project is quite as important as another that is talked of in New York for the instruction of American women in the art of making fine lace. Good cooking has a close affinity to good health. It also bears a very important relation to sweetness of temper, and to that quality of the disposition which is called amiability. Women ought surely to know how to cook, even if it should be their province simply to direct the operation, or give instructions. Good cooking is a source of domestic comfort, and holds an important place in the machinery of a well-ordered household. But cooking is a Jezebel in disguise, and often vexes the felicity of the home. The kitchen, as a school, is not to be dispised. The young women of Chester Park have taken a praiseworthy step, but it seems unfortunate that they must organize a club in order to learn to cook. We suppose it is because their mothers do not know how to teach them.

"My daughter keeps my farm account, sir, and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls (and he might have added boys a's s) good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon, because he does not loosen his purse strings whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened." So said a progressive farmer, a kind, appreciative and proud father, and a large hearted man on general principles."

We know of a young lady living in Millville, New Jersey, who has had a large experience in keeping her father's accounts, and otherwise giving him valuable assistance in his business affairs. Her work is done with intelligence, correctness and efficiency: and young men performing similar duties seldom acquit themselves more creditably than this young woman. Her acquaintance with business methods, and her singular executive ability, resulting from her experience, are a pleasing novelty, rarely to be found among young ladies commanding all the opportunities that abundant worldly possessions bestow.

If women are ineligible as legislators they seem to be in demand as chaplains. Rev. Miss Haines has officiated in that capacity at Augusta, and Rev. Augusta Chaplin has been invited to open the session of the Michigan Senate with prayer. The average citizen wipes his spectacles to discover if possible why a woman who is fit to pray in a state house is not fit to vote there. But he cannot.

This average citized is very frequently disturbed nowadays by some fresh fact indicating that women are marching on, and many of the conquests they make looked as improbable to the prophetic eye a few years ago, as her advance to legislative honors looks at the present hour. It would be absurd to deny that she is sure to capture the ballot.

Mrs. Maggie Newton Van Cott is in Chicago, where she holds three meetings daily. She is the first woman licensed to preach in the Methodist church in this country. She is a good deal of a woman, weighing something over two hundred pounds, with a good figure, and a pleasant face. She dresses elegantly, but not gaudily, and is thoroughly in earnest in her work. Her business is religion, and her religion is business, and her simple, direct, straightforward way of saying her say and doing her work, is immensely effective. She was born in New York in 1830. Her father was English, and her mother Scotch. She married in 1847, but her husband's health failing, she took his drug store and carried on the business with the same energy and success as she conducts a revival. After his death in 1863 she began to exhort at the Five Points Mission, and gradually developed the extraordinary power she is now conceded to possess. The Methodists hesitated to license her for a long time, but at last were converted by the number of converts she made. She has engagements already for all her time till 1878. Of the value of her work there may be difference of opinion, but of her own sincerity and singleness of purpose there seems to be but one mind.

Vinnie Ream secured the ill-will and condemnation of all the stinging paragraphists in the country by getting the contract for the Farragut statue. It is a pity she got it. A half-dozen years of faithful work would have developed her talent, and shown whether she has genius or not. Her statue of Mr. Lincoln is a dead man done in marble, and strikes a chill through whoever sees it as though he were looking at a corpse. It shows cleverness, but nothing more, and the making of it has not contributed to Miss Ream's artistic reputation. The more such jobs she executes the less she will be thought of as an artist, and by art critics. She will find by sad experience that the stairs of the Congressional Lobby lead down instead of up, and the more she treads their slippery steps the less she will be thought of by anybody.

The Wellessley University for women, to which Mr. and Mrs. Durant have devoted $1,000,000, is to be entirely under the supervision of women. They are to fill all the offices from cook to president. It is a serious mistake to make sex a disqualification for an office for which there is every intellectual and moral fitness. To exclude men from a college is just as bad as to shut its doors against women. What women want is the best education they can have, and from the most competent teachers that can be had. The founders of colleges exclusively for women are perpetuating the folly initiated by men in the dark ages, and it would seem that some of them have sex on the brain.

Mrs. Margaret E. Parker of Dundee, Scotland, is appointed to represent the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Scotland, at the meeting of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars in Bloomington, Illinois, in May, 1875. Mrs. Parker is the first women who ever held the office of Grand Worthy Vice Templar in Scotland. She recently made a most effective speech before the Provost and Magistrates of Dundee, on the occasion of the presentation to them of a petition signed by 8,000 persons against granting "licenses to make drunkards." Mrs. Parker is President of the Woman Suffrage Committee of Dundee, and was nominated to sit on the School Board.

A new idea in feminine education is the establishment of a school in Munich, wherein American pupils can find the advantages of foreign instruction, and American ways of living.

The report of the (Boston) Woman's Education Association says that the elementary education is entirely in the hands of the women. In Boston there are 175 male teachers and 1,066 female, and such a thing as a man teaching in a primary school is almost unknown throughout New England. The teaching in these elementary school is the only school-teaching that the vast majority of children receive, for less than one-fortieth of them go beyond the grammar schools. This statement, without argument, is enough to show that the women who teach in the lower schools should have the best possible education, for the demand on them is so great that no enthusiasm or faithfulness or good will can meet it without the help of thorough and systematic training.

At a meeting recently held in Boston, an invitation to speak was extended to the distinguished orator and political reformer Mr. Bradlaugh, who came forward amid great applause and said: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for this unexpected invitation to address you. If Woman Suffrage were only a national question, as stated by the last speaker, it would be an impertinence in me to do so. But it is a far wider question than that, it is a question of universal interest and of human welfare. There are only two grounds upon which Suffrage for women can be advocated—the ground of expediency, or that of right. I prefer to regard it as a right and to treat it especially as a moral question. In England women already vote upon municipal questions. I have been much interested to-day in hearing of your recent struggle to elect women upon School Committees. In England we have had a similar struggle, and have achieved a similar triumph. There, women now serve on School Committees and have proved exceedingly useful and efficient officers. I might cite Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D. Having long been a member of the Woman Suffrage Association of Great Britain, I can assure you that we, too, are calling attention to the injustice which excludes women from Suffrage in elections where members of Parliament are chosen. It is a well settled principle of English political ethics that no citizen who is taxed should be excluded from Suffrage. Mr. Bradlaugh closed by paying an eloquent tribute to the beneficent character of woman's influence.

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations reported expressly for the GAZETTE by JOHN K. WILDMAN, No. 26 South Third street, Feb. 24, 1875.

BONDS.—Penn'vania Loan, 2d series, 107¾ a 108; Penn'vania Loan, 3d series, 110 a 111; Philadelphia City 6's, 104¾ a 104½; Allegheny Valley 7.30's, 91½ a 92; Camd. and Amboy 6's, 1883, 95½ a 96; do. do. 1889, 93 a 94; do. Mortgage, 1889, 102½ a 103; Lehigh Val. 7's, ex. int. 105½ a 106; N. Penn'a 7's, 105 a 106½; Pennsylvania and New York Canal 7's, 105 a 106; Penns'vania R. R. 1st Mort., 103 a 103½; do. general Mort. Coupon, 99 a 100; do. do. Mort. Registered, 102 a 102½; Philada. & Erie 7's, 80 a 80½; Philadelphia and Reading 7's, 107½ a 109; do. General Mortgage 7's, Coupon, 107 a 108; do. do. 7's, Registered, 107 a 109; do. New Conv. 7's, 105 a 107; Pittsburg Cincinnati & St. Louis 7's, 75 a 76; West Chester 7's, 107 a 108; West Jersey 7's, 104½ a 105; Wilmington and Rdg. 1st Mortgage 7's, 53 a 55; Lehigh Navigation Gold Loan, 6's, 109¾ a 100¾.

MARRIED.

PHILLIPS—BENSON.—On the 19th of February, 1875, by Rev. F. E. Church, John W. Phillips and Mary E. Benson, both of Newtown, Pa. ("Enterprise" please copy.)

RODGERS—CASE.—On February 21st, 1875, by the same, Theodore Rodgers, of New Haven, Conn., and Violina E. Case, of New Hope, Pa.

BLACK—MAGILL.—On February 22d, 1875, by the same, Franklin S. Black, of Attleboro', and Katie Magill, of Hulmeville, Pa.

DIED.

HUTCHINS.—In Bristol, January 27th, 1875, Cora Virginia, daughter of P. G. and R. J. Hutchins, in the 8th year of her age.

Philadelphia.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. J. D. THOMAS, the brother and successor to the late Dr. F. R. Thomas, and the principal operator for the last two years, will continue the business of extracting teeth without pain, at the same place,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Commission House,
1101 N. Second St., cor. Germantown Ave
General Dealers in HAMS and PROVISIONS
Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Flour. 381

KNIGHT & KOONS,
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And wholesale Dealers in
Salt Fish, Butter, Cheese, Provisions, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Cranberries, American Pickles, and Country Produce,
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Consignments solicited. 484

PARK HAMS.
JOHN GREEN'S Celebrated "PARK HAMS," Beef and Tongues.
PACKING, Curing and Smoking Establishment,
S. E. cor. Norris and Howard Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Within five minutes walk of the Kensington and North Penn'a Depot. 359

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WILLIAM J. HEISS & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE
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N. W. Corner Girard Ave. and Front St.,
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Go to the Great Boston
99 CENT STORE,
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Fancy Toys and Domestic Articles,
TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
All articles marked, nothing less than 99 cents.
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Grocer and Tea Dealer,
No. 234 Girard Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA. 823

S. & W. GARRETT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TEAS, COFFEES,
AND PURE SPICES,
N. W. cor. Second and Callowhill Sts., Phila.
All Goods guaranteed as represented. 436

ESTABLISHED IN 1860.
Teas, Coffees & Spices.
A NEW AND CHOICE STOCK.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
E. P. HALL,
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AND
TEA DEALER,
108 Market Street,
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It will sell goods for cash at lower rates than any other party in the trade. One trial will convince. 773

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"Wheeler & Wilson"
New Draw Feed, and the No. 6
SEWING MACHINES,
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4320 Main Street, - - FRANKFORD.
All kinds of old Machines taken in exchange.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 390

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HATS, CAPS,
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No. 1209 North Second St., (east side.)
Four doors above Girard Avenue,
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Also, Manufacturer of **Ladies' Furs.** 379

ENOCH REMICK,
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Gas and Steam Fitter,
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N. B.—Silk Hats made to order any style desired. Washing, Taking out grease, Ironing, Cutting Brims, Altering the Curls to suit fashion or fancy, Putting on Bombazines, new Bands, Bindings, Leathers, &c.
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Old Furniture neatly Repaired Re-Upholstered and Varnished.
Hair and Spring Mattresses made to order. 650

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers.
Everything Complete for Furnishing a House.
LARGEST STOCK!
LOWEST PRICES!
IVINS & BRO.,
Nos. 64, 66 and 68 North Second Street,
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GEO. D. SMITH,
621 & 623 North Second Street,
Between Green and Coates Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
FURNITURE.
A large assortment of the best made at the lowest Cash Prices. 314

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JACOB B. RIEBEL,
Wholesale and Retail
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1025 *North Second Street,*
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All kinds of Furniture, Mattresses, &c. constantly on hand. 460

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MOORE, YORK & HOWELL,
SPECIALTY.
FINE FURNITURE.
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(FORMERLY OF BRISTOL, PA.,)
Venitian Blind & Shade
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S. B. REGISTER,
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Fine **WALNUT** and **COTTAGE** Furniture.
The WOVEN WIRE SPRING, HAIR, and HUSK MATTRESSES constantly on hand.
The Patent PARLOR FOLDING, CAMP, RECEPTION and FANCY CHAIRS, for Embroidery, a specialty.
Repairing, Varnishing and Upholstering promptly attended to.
Furniture carefully packed, removed and stored.
No. 526 Callowhill Street, Phila'a.
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MANUFACTORY.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST
CABINET WARE,
AT REDUCED RATES.
PARLOR, CHAMBER & DINING-ROOM SUITS,
OF EVERY STYLE.
Also, **BEST HAIR AND HUSK**
MATTRASSES, &c., &c., &c.
Persons intending to purchase, will do well to call and examine the Stock.
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FREEMAN & MILLER,
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Black Walnut
Chamber, Parlor, Library,
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EXTENSION TABLES,
CHURCH AND LODGE CHAIRS.
MATTRESSES;
All kinds of Furniture MADE TO ORDER,
45 *North Second Street,*
(Between Market and Arch Sts.)
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FOR CHEAP MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
DRESS GOODS,
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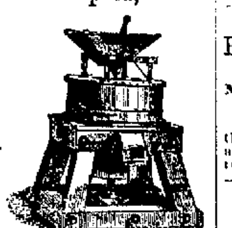

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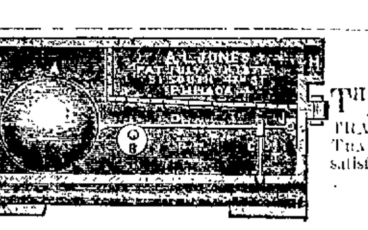

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Men sent to all parts of the country on Steam, Gas, or Water work, and no boys sent to do a good mechanic's job, and no men employed but strictly temperate. Give me a call. 749

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Less than ONE-HALF the cost.

FOR STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS.
Can be applied by inexperienced persons. Turned out by machinery. A finished roofing ready to lay on the building. Send for a circular.
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DRESS GOODS, OIL-CLOTHS, &c., cheap.
Pinking and Stamping done to order.
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The Merchant Tailor,
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A Fine Assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings always on hand 720

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PHILADELPHIA. 388

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SMITH & THOMAS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
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PHILADELPHIA 757

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AND
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Clothing made to order. 663

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744

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
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Men's Furnishing Goods.
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LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF
TOYS AND FANCY GOODS,
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Manufacturers of
UMBRELLAS
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Gents' Walking Canes,
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The finest assortment of SILK, ALPACA and ZANILLA UMBRELLAS is to be found at their manufactory. Prices from $3, up. Silk Umbrellas a specialty. Prices from $3.50, up. Gold and Ivory head Canes, constantly on hand. 748

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Manufacturer and Dealer in
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SEGARS, SNUFFS, PIPES, &c.,
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Agent for GAIL & AX'S Smoking Tobacco 761

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For Young Men and Boys,
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GEORGE EASTBURN, M. A., PRINCIPAL.
JOSEPH THOMAS, L. L. D., Lecturer on History.
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C. V. TOLSON & BRO.,
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Steam Dyeing and Scouring Establishment,
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Cleaning done by a new process. Gentlemen's clothing a specialty. Also, Ladies' Silk Dresses, Moire Antique Opera Cloaks and woolen fabrics. Dyeing in all its fine branches in the most artistic manner.—Feathers, Kid Gloves, Gaiters and Parasols.
All orders received will be promptly executed and delivered 709

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DUBOIS & YOUNG,
Ice Cream & Dining SALOONS,
No. 504 North Second sts., PHILA.
Weddings, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with every variety of Plain and Fancy Cakes. Ice Cream wholesale and retail. 419

WAGNER'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
60 North Second St., (2 doors bel. Arch),
Formerly, 52 Delaware Avenue.
The finest and best Oysters in the city. 389

To Get a Good Dinner,
GO TO
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TEMPERANCE
DINING SALOON
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just below Arch street,
PHILADELPHIA.
393

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RESTAURANT
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New Photographic and Art Gallery,
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ONE SQUARE BELOW KENSINGTON DEPOT.
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The Illuminated Photograph
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Particular attention given to
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EXQUISITE PHOTO'S,
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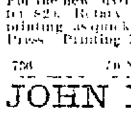
C. F. ZIMMERMANN,
236 & 238 North Second Street, Philada.,
IMPORTER OF ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments,
A full assortment of Band Instruments always on hand 210



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&c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
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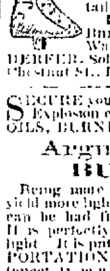

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Gents' Furnishing Goods of every description.—Shirts, Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, &c. Shirts made to order. Gents' patent Spring and Buttoned Over-Gaiters, (cloth, leather, linen, &c.) Riding and Hunting Leggings. Ladies' Over-Gaiters and Skirt Supporters, Children's Cloth and Velvet Leggings, on hand or made to order, wholesale and retail. Ladies' and Gents' best Kid Gloves. **PRUSSIAN SALVE,** for Corns, Bunions, Sprains, In-Grown Nails and Warts. Certain cure. J. H. RICHELDERFER, Sole Agent for the United States, **1632** Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 8

SECURE yourselves and family from the horrors of Explosion caused by the use of low grade COAL OILS, BURNING FLUIDS, &c., &c., by using the
Argus Oil Company's
BURNING OIL.
Being more dense than most Oils in use, it will yield more light for the same amount of money than can be had from any of the low test oils now sold. It is perfectly odorless, and gives a clear, steady light. It is put up in MOORE'S PATENT TRANSPORTATION CAN, which has a well-finished brass faucet, from which Lamps may be filled *direct*, thus doing away with the extra can, generally used to fill the lamp with.

5 galls. of Oil and Can	....	$3 00
10 do. do. do.	....	5 00
5 do. Cans refilled for	....	1 25
10 do. do. do.	....	2 00

See that the Seal "Argus," covering the cork has not been broken. To be sold in cans only. A *liberal discount to responsible dealers.*
ARGUS OIL COMPANY,
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PROTECT YOUR
Lives and Property
BY USING TESSY'S
Non-Explosive LAMP BURNER,
By using this burner your lamp is as safe as if it had water in it instead of oil. For if your lamp upsets or falls, the light is put out at once. What puts the light out is a glass cone falling in the flame cap, shutting off the draft, putting the light out instantly. It is safe again, because it keeps cool. No matter how poor the oil you use, it takes heat to generate gas from it, consequently if you have no heat there is no gas generated, which is the cause of the lamps exploding. Now what keeps it cool is the glass cone, glass being partly a non-conductor of heat, and formed in the shape of a cone centers the draft around the wick tube, and throws the heat out instead of letting it go down into the lamp, so it is impossible for an accident to occur. We throw more oxygen into the blaze, consequently we have a brighter light, as oxygen is the cause of light upon all inflammable substances, and that neither breaks the chimneys nor smokes them, for in the brightness of the light there is no smoke nor heat to expand and break them.
For sale by
T. SKINNER, General Agent,
No. 2422 North Second St., Philada.
A good Agent wanted for Bristol and vicinity. 416

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Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, February 25, 1875.

THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday February 24—Furnished by JESSE B MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office

	7 A M	1 P M	6 P M
Th'rsday, Feb 18	8	25	..
Friday, 19	18	33	10
Saturday, 20	32	.37	5
Mond'y, 22	29	30	4
Tuesday, 23	.32	61	4
Wed'day, 24	44	53	47

BRISTOL POST OFFICE
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 7 00 A M 3 30 and 6 00 P M Arrives 8 00 A M, 4 30 and 8 00, P M

NEW YORK—Closes 8 30, A M, 3 30, 6 00 P M Arrives 10 00 A M 7 00 P M

TRENTON—Closes 7 [?] 8 30 A M 3 30, P M arrives 10 00 A M 4 30 and 7 00 P M

TRENTON NEW BRUNSWICK RAHWAY ELIZABETH NEWARK and JERSEY CITY closes 8 30 A M 3 30 P M arrives 10 00 A M 7 00 P M

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10 00 A M, 6 00 P M arrives 9 45 A M 8 00 P M

NEWPORTVILLE HULMEVILLE ATTLEBOROUGH NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10 00 A M, arrives at 9 45 A M

TULLYTOWN and MORRISVILLE and POST OFFICES on the B D R R closes 7 15, A M, arrives 4 30 P M

EDDINGTON—Arrives 9 30, A M, closes 10 00, A M

JESSE B MEARS P M

SORTS.

THE newly elected members of Borough Council were sworn in on Tuesday

BARCLAY JONES who has been visiting his old friends in Bristol and vicinity left this morning for his home in Nebraska

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Cottage Building Company held last Monday evening three loans were sold to James V Foster at a premium of $13 75 per loan

A YOUNG lady from Burlington broke through the ice last Tuesday while crossing the river to Bristol She was rescued from her perilous position by some parties who observed the accident.

In consequence of a slight break in our printing machinery, the GAZETTE crossed the river last week and was printed in the office of our friend G H Hays, proprietor of the Burlington *Enterprise*

A SACRED concert will be given in the Bristol Methodist Episcopal church for the benefit of its Sabbath School, on Wednesday evening March 10th Lovers of good music should not fail to attend

THE constant and steady increase in the circulation of the GAZETTE has compelled us to procure additional facilities for printing the paper We have therefore ordered a new drum cylinder power press which we expect to have in position and at work inside of ten days

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company have commenced building the abutments for the new iron bridge near the Mill Street crossing It will be built a few feet south of the present one so as not to obstruct the travel over the Mill Street canal bridge

JOSEPH SMITH a resident of Bristol and a brakesman on a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed by being run over by the cars a short distance this side of Morrisville, on last Tuesday evening He fell from the train and it is supposed was asleep at the time His body was cut in a number of pieces and mangled in a shocking manner His body was brought to Bristol and an inquest held The remains were buried at Tullytown yesterday Mr Smith was about 20 years of age, at the time of his death

ON last Tuesday afternoon a Mason & Hamlin organ, provided by the friends of the Mission Sabbath School was quietly placed in the school room on Buckley street, prior to the evening prayer meeting Before the exercises of the meeting began, it was presented in a few remarks to Dr M Slack by Rev Dr Knox To Mr Slack the gift was a real surprise, and was received by him with much feeling The gift was a most impromptu manifestation by his friends of their appreciation of the liberality and benevolence of our excellent townsman in the mission enterprise in which he has engaged, with so much earnestness At the same time a resolution which was inserted the Fort Compromise [illegible] characters was presented to the school

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday February 24th 1875

Isaac Banes, Annie M Bailey, Roxanna Bradford, Sarah A Bogart James Brady Dominic Dugan, Daniel Dalton, Wm Dugan Catharine Donnelly, Mary F Dubois Edward L Fisher, Ann Fallen, John Ferguson Julia Gilkeson Phebe Green Samuel Hellings John Halfery H Holden, Eliza Jordan, Abraham Johnson Samuel Lafferty Mrs B Mackey, James McMenamin, Ida D Lotts, James Ryan, Margaret Schneider Mary C Sargent John K Stackhouse George Smith, Mary Burton Stackhouse Ellen Tracy Ella Wilson, S Wilson, Kate Wilson Samuel Williams

YARDLEYVILLE MATTERS—The Hall was comfortably filled last Saturday evening, and after the Lyceum was called to order and officers elected for the ensuing term of four weeks, we had Sheridan's Ride, by Wm Y Cadwallader, *a la* Murdock an original and classical poem by Miss Emma Twining, and debate on the question "Resolved that wealth exerts more influence than knowledge" which was decided for the negative after which, and last of all came a "volunteer" entertainment by Miss Rebecca Twining, personating the Widow Bedott which brought thunders of applause, followed by some very pretty music by E C Knowles, Esq which he extracted in some mysterious manner from a simple mouth organ of small dimensions Resolved that the Granger movement is compatible with the highest natural interests is the debatable question for next Saturday evening to be opened by J H Ostrander Esq and Dr A Livezey, assisting, affirmatively, to be opposed by J Eastburn, Esq, and L L White, Esq Miss S B Twining will read and a son of Mr Ostrander declaim We have further prospects of volunteer entertainments Mr A McDermitt, the efficient and gentlemanly clerk, &c, for McGrann & Fitzpatrick R R contractors was quite sick last week, and required a few visits from Dr Livezey, to fit him for his responsible duties For this cause pay day did not take place on Saturday but was set down for Wednesday of this week A lad, James Kelley aged 14 engaged as one of the switch tenders near the deep cut slipped and fell upon the track in front of the wheels of a dump car which passed over his arm, close to the shoulder severely crushing the bone and lacerating the arm pit Supt Smith immediately sent for Dr Livezey, who deeming that amputation would afford the better chance for recovery advised that Drs Coleman, of Trenton, be sent for They concurred in his opinion, but the boy's mother so obstinately opposed it, nay refused, under any circumstances, to have amputation resorted to, that suitable bandages and dressings were applied, with the bare hope of saving both limb and life The case is now solely under charge of Dr Livezey A stone cutter at the culvert, boarding at Mr Slatterly's had his great toe mashed so badly a few days since that he was compelled to call in the surgical aid of Dr Livezey, so also had a laborer who slipped upon the ice, with a heavy drill in his hands, which falling across his ankle, disabled him The ruins of the "Continental" lay undisturbed, what Mr Nichleson is going to do or not going to do, is sealed in his own bosom But other improvements are going on Heavy gangs of stone-cutters are engaged at the large culvert in the meadow fronting Edward N Ely's, at the canal piers, and on the Jersey side. A general strike is contemplated on Thursday The culvert will be finished this week, and covered over. A ball was held in Odd-Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, among the attendants were parties from Trenton, Princeton, &c,

(Special Report to the Gazette)

NEWTOWN LOCAL INSTITUTE.

MORNING SESSION

Wednesday, February 17—The hall was comfortably filled at the time of opening, but at two o'clock, the numbers had increased so it was impossible for a great many to find seats

The institute was opened in the usual manner Mr Eastburn placed words that are usually mispronounced on the black board for correct pronunciation, The teachers present were requested to present subjects for discussion, the invitation was afterwards extended to the citizens of the borough and township

The subject of Natural Science or History was opened for discussion Prof Allen spoke of our education being so uniform that it seemed as if ingrained in us—a change of studies is positively necessary The power and strength of the teachers has been expended more on mathematics than any other branch in our schools, and he who could solve the difficult problems in the back of the book was considered a learned man Reading and writing have received too much attention, the amount of work expended on these three studies if properly divided among others of more importance, would result in more real benefit to the pupils The parents do not sufficiently supplement the work of the teacher in regard to their children's studies, if they would take more interest in them the pupils would advance more rapidly It is the teacher's work to develop the mind, body and heart of the scholar seek out the hid den mysteries of the mind and ingraft into them the education that is to make them noble men and women Our arithmetic is entirely too weak to properly develop the minds of the younger scholars they should be taught by observation, as they can remember much better that which they can see and feel He would recommend teaching natural science, chemistry etc before arithmetic for there is sufficient time in every day life and business for learning that If the teachers will take hold of this with interest and the parents co operate, it may be taught successfully in our common schools, but the teachers should be thoroughly conversant with the subject instructing the pupils orally and should be so taught that the pupils can classify different objects readily

An exercise in natural history by pupils of Newtown Primary School Miss Hayhurst, Principal

Prof Allen then asked the scholars questions concerning this subject

Miss Maria L Sanford of Swarthmore spoke on the subject of rhetoric

Recitation "Charge of the Light Brigade by Katie Hogeland, of Dolington Grammar School

The institute was then adjourned until 1 30 P M

AFTERNOON SESSION

The interest manifested by the people of this neighborhood is truly encouraging At one o'clock seats could not be obtained and at the time of opening, all the standing room was crowded to the utmost

Mr Eastburn first conducted an exercise in pronunciation after which the spelling class of the morning was concluded

A class exercise in rhetoric by pupils of Dolington Grammar School, Miss Mary Fields teacher

Prof Woodruff conducted an exercise in music

Profs Allen and Woodruff asked the rhetoric class a few questions concerning this study

Miss Sanford read lines addressed to the plant of Cuba, on the decline of Dr Kane's health written by Elizabeth Whittier asking the class questions concerning the different figures of rhetoric used She spoke to the parents of the importance of cultivating good reading in the household

After a short exercise in music, conducted by Prof Woodruff Prof Allen addressed the institute on the subject, "Duty of Parents" He said a child's future character is formed at the hearthstone, and by the parents The teachers are expected to instruct their scholars morally as well as mentally, but their time is occupied with the usual school exercises The Sunday Schools are depended upon for moral instruction, but the time here is too short—only three quarters of an hour in each week So the parents have the whole management of religious instruction of their children, but they do not use their influence with discretion, rather neglecting them entirely, and relying upon the teacher The first lesson taught is obedience this must be enforced in their early life We should be more careful to correct the little things that occur, for all these are instilled into their lives, and cannot be effaced, they should be placed under good pure and elevating influences, and thus in their early life they may enter on a course that is noble and good and then a true character will be formed upon such a firm foundation it can never fall It is the home training that will accomplish this and the parents should be very careful that their children read only those books which tend to elevate and enlarge the mind This opportunity should not be neglected, for only at the fireside can the sacred truths of life be ingrafted in their hearts Your children may not always be with you and if this be the case then the home instruction will become invaluable

The session was closed with a recitation by Mary Anna Downer of Dolington Grammar School entitled "Loss of the Ship

In the evening Dr March delivered his lecture "Seventy Days Among the Arabs"

MORNING SESSION

Thursday, February 18—The session was opened with Scriptural reading by Mr Eastburn and music conducted by Mr Woodruff

A class drill in geography by pupils of West School was conducted by Miss Jennie Coleman Mr Eastburn questioned the class concerning the general geography of the township county etc

A class exercise in physiology by pupils of Newtown Grammar School, was conducted by Miss Helen Marshall, and interrogated by Prof Allen

A spelling class of the first grade was formed

An essay written by Miss Lizzie Tenschee of Newtown Secondary School, was read by Miss Hannah Holcomb, and discussed the practicability of introducing natural science into our common schools

Prof Allen praised both the composition and reading of this paper He thought that the teachers spend one third of their time in needless occupations and at least one half too much time is spent on the common branches He wrote a list of the higher branches he would recommend on the black board They are—physiology botany zoology, geography and history combined philosophy and chemistry He would spend one third of the time on these, one third on language, and the other on mathematics

AFTERNOON SESSION

The afternoon session was opened with musical exercises conducted by Prof Woodruff

The spelling class of the first grade was concluded

Miss Annie Hibbs, of Good Intent School, conducted a class drill in language

The subject, "It is desirable and practicable that there should be some connection between the schools of the borough and township" was introduced and opened by Mr Eastburn There are four schools in the township, all ungraded, and as there are no villages, it would be impossible to grade them, and the teacher of an ungraded school to do justice to both the advanced and primary, either one or the other would be neglected, and as the furthest point in the township is not more than three miles distant, and the question was, Would it be desirable for the more advanced scholars from the township schools to attend the borough schools? Some have not the means to go to a boarding school, and they have not a higher grade to strive for, so they lose all interest in their studies. For the last eighteen years the school tax levied in Newtown borough has been less than half that of the other boroughs of the county and the township less than the average, and so the taxes can form no impediment to this object He referred to the bequest of Jacob Buckman and hoped the people of this community would not use this to lessen their taxes, for that would not be a grateful return for such benevolence, but that it would be so much more added to their tax, to elevate the schools above those of the neighboring districts

A paper prepared by Frederick Linton was read by Miss Annie Hibbs, of Good Intent School It contained statements and a portion of the will of Jacob Buckman, regarding this legacy

Oliver Holcomb supposed they would have to build a larger school building in Newtown if there was any connection between the schools of the borough and township, and could not see the advantage of it and he seemed satisfied with the work accomplished by the schools as they are

Isaac Hillborn, of the borough, thought that by connecting the schools it would appear as if they coveted the legacy left to the township

George Huey, of the township, thought the distance too great for the scholars to walk and suggested the idea of building a school house in a central locality

William Wynkoop thought this was not advisable as the teachers would be unwilling to part with their advanced scholars

Squire Jenks wished to correct an error made by the previous speakers There is room enough in the schools of the borough to accommodate the advanced pupils of both borough and township

Isaac Hillborn spoke of the disadvantage to the younger scholars if the advanced are removed, as they learn more by hearing the others recite

Mr Woodruff believed this was the case, still he had a firm belief that the work of the graded schools is more complete, but he would not force them on any community

Prof Allen said that the scholar who had the greatest distance to go to school, was usually the most punctual and the best scholar and if pupils are placed in graded, they have something to work for, and will stand much better

The question was further discussed by several others, and the meeting adjourned until half past seven

EVENING SESSION

In the evening, Rev A A Willits delivered his lecture entitled "A Plea for Home" The hall was filled to its utmost capacity

MORNING SESSION

Friday February 19—The morning session was opened with Scriptural reading by Mr Eastburn who afterwards conducted an exercise in pronunciation, and Mr Woodruff in music

Miss Helen Marshall of Newtown Grammar School drilled a class in history The scholars were questioned by Profs Allen and Woodruff Mr Eastburn asked a few questions concerning the history of our country He then distributed slips of paper on which the answers to questions of general information were written and collected The gentlemen who asked the questions gave their answers

A class was formed and instructed by Miss Speakman, principal of the Model school, West Chester, who gave practical instructions in object lessons

The morning's exercises were closed by a concert recitation by the pupils of Newtown Secondary School entitled "A Lyric of Life"

AFTERNOON SESSION

Friday afternoon session was opened by music

Mr Eastburn announced the afternoon would be devoted to the discussion of questions in which the directors were especially interested

Among others the following subjects were proposed Should written excuses be required of pupils for absence? Squire Jenks of Newtown borough

How much time should directors allow teachers for attending institutes? Edward Ivins, of Northampton

Edward Atkinson of Middleton, proposed the subject of grading teachers salaries

The subject of expulsion was discussed the opinion of the meeting was in favor of suspension except on authority of directors

The subject of ventilation was fully discussed The plan adopted by Good Intent School was explained, and is said to work admirably

The subject of written excuses was ably and fully discussed, and some feeling and interest were shown

Washing Bown read an essay on the duties and responsibilities of school directors

A class exercise in literature by pupils of the Yardleyville Grammar School, was conducted by Miss Mary Butler

EVENING SESSION

In the evening Dr I I Hayes delivered his lecture on Arctic Adventures and Discoveries

MORNING SESSION

Saturday, February 20—The morning session was opened with the usual exercises

A class drill in elocution by a class of Silver Lake School was conducted by Miss Sallie L Linton, teacher

Mr Eastburn introduced the subject of language for discussion Miss Speakman was requested to explain her method of teaching it, this was a very easy and adapted to young minds The teachers were invited to ask Miss Speakman any questions concerning it

Mr Seal thought it too difficult for young pupils to furnish their own ideas in the matter of compositions but ideas should be given them to be enlarged and woven together

Mr Ramsey said there was a great mistake made in thrusting children had no ideas,—the object of teaching is to teach them how to think, and another mistake is made by the teachers lecturing instead of requiring recitations

A recitation entitled "Winter" was given by Sallie Lovett, of Newtown Secondary School

Mr Eastburn conducted an exercise in pronunciation

Mr William Slotter, of Buckmanville, said the time in their school has been particularly devoted to language and gave a course in that study pursued by them Miss Coleman also gave her plan of teaching it Mr Woodruff and others discussed the subject further

An exercise in gymnastics by pupils of West School was conducted by Miss Joanna Coleman

A concert recitation was given by the scholars of Newtown Grammar School, entitled "To-day and To morrow"

Mr Eastburn then read the result of the spelling class, which was as follows

FIRST GRADE

ROLL OF HONOR

Hannah Clark 0, Anna Clark 0 Fallsington Grammar, Sallie E Hogeland 0, West, Willie Ferris 1, Yardleyville Grammar, Louisa White 1, Fallsington Grammar, Freddie Hoyd 2, Jennie Cortsman 2, Newtown Grammar, Lilly G Heston 7, Silver Lake, Allie White 7, Fallsington Grammar, Albert Smith 8, Buckmanville, Jacob Eastburn 8, Yardleyville Grammar, Sallie W Hicks 9, Newtown Grammar

BEST CLASS OF FOUR

Hannah Clark Anna Clark, Louisa White, Allie White, Fallsington Grammar

SECOND BEST CLASS OF FOUR

Fredda Hoyd, Jennie Cortsman, Sallie W Hicks, Willie I Pool, Newtown Grammar

SECOND GRADE

ROLL OF HONOR

Katie Wynkoop 1, Helen H. Ely 2, Newtown Grammar, Jennie L Hogeland 5, West; Allice R Hoyd 6, Sallie M Titus 8, Newtown Grammar, Sallie Ely 9, Newtown Secondary

BEST CLASS OF FOUR

Katie Wynkoop, Helen H Ely, Alice R Hoyd, Sallie M. Titus, Newtown Grammar.

SECOND BEST CLASS OF FOUR

Sallie Ely, Mary B Trego, Sallie Lauer, Sterling Heilig, Newtown Secondary

AFTERNOON SESSION

The afternoon session opened with a recitation, entitled "Little Brown Hands," by Anna Wood, of Newtown Grammar School, and an essay, "Literary Culture of a Teacher," by Miss Helen Marshall.

The subject of literature was open for discussion Miss Mary Butler was interrogated concerning her mode of teaching She placed extracts upon the board, which first served as an exercise in writing, next as a reading exercise, and then a recitation She then gave them a short biography of the author

Mr Eastburn thought the selections given in this study were excellent drills in elocution, and the copying into blank books good exercise in penmanship In this way time may be economized, and these extracts will tend to beautify and give tone to the language of the pupil.

Prof Allen thought this was the only way to elevate the reading of the children of the present age,

Mr Bush doubted the advantage of translating the works of our great poets, for it destroys the beauty of their language

Prof Allen said he found it hard sometimes to understand poetry, and has found it necessary to analyze before he could clearly comprehend He also spoke of the neglect penmanship is receiving,—the pupil should constantly reproduce what he has heard, and should never converse with the teacher orally, but by writing

Anna Tanner, of Dolington Grammar School, gave a recitation entitled "Green Mountain Justice

An essay was read by Cynthia Holcomb, "The Schools Viewed from the Standpoint of a Parent

Portions of this essay were severely criticized although there were many good points in it

Mr Woodruff spoke of the certificates and examinations of teachers

Mr Ramsey thought the essay excellent, but there was a great mistake made in introducing so many studies into the schools, and has found from experience that the scholars who have the fewer studies have them more thorough, and are better educated than those who study all the of each of the higher studies, and have nothing thorough He also thought the moral training was much neglected

This question was further pursued and great interest shown, by Profs Allen, Woodruff and others

The afternoon session was concluded by a recitation entitled "Cowper's Grave," by Fredda Hoyd

EVENING SESSION

In the evening Miss Maria L Sanford delivered a lecture on "The Growth of Liberty in England

PHOTOGRAPHS,

Read before the Public School Institute held in Hulmeville by Miss Lizzie S Beer

Sitting at our desk one afternoon in a genial humor (we hope not a rare occurrence), with the beams of the western sun streaming through the windows filling the room with a golden light and resting on each young head before us as if in gentle benediction we were forced wishing that a photograph of our school could be taken as it then presented itself,—for it was truly a pleasant sight

Knowing this to be impossible, we tried to be content with a pen photograph at which we propose to allow you to peep We believe we were able to take a good picture, because our pupils were all unconscious of the fact that they were sitting for this purpose—hence there was no stiffness, no Sunday look on the faces, but the same smiles attitudes, etc that we were accustomed to every day

A sudden quiet prevailed in the room Each one seemed absorbed in the work of the hour—writing

Sunny heads bent side by side with those of darker lines the rose and the lily vied with each other on the cheeks but here all rivalry ceased Glancing specially at the girls we noticed a striking similarity in the arrangement of the hair School girls in their way are quite as fashionable as grown people and one of their number having set the example of turning the hair back and braiding it, the others with the exception of two or three whom nature had adorned with curls, have followed in her footsteps

We have no fault, whatever, to find with them in this respect It is convenient and certainly much neater than the fashion of a year ago of wearing it floating over the shoulders That these braids are fast to the head has been fully testified to by the screams of the girls when some unruly boy has given them a twitch Turning to the boys we found that they were either following the fashion of their Principal or he was following them—wearing the hair short and parted on the side (no unusual thing) They seem inclined to keep this good old fashion and was though a boy was heard to say lately when we attempted a curl and failed disastrously that he "meant to have his hair cut curly after this" We mention the hair particularly because we are very apt to notice the arrangement of it in a picture, and we certainly miss it if it is left off

Continuing our survey, we found a variety of features—noses turned up (some naturally and some from habit) and noses turned down stubby ones and straight ones, but no sharp ones all occupying the same position and serving the same purpose Eyes—black, blue grey and brown, mirthful and sad capable of expressing so much and yet at times expressing so little We had found long before this that the amount of noise they were capable of making did not at all depend on the size of the mouth but that the "unruly member" within must be held accountable, and though we have never made a special examination we have thought sometimes that these tongues were made hung in the middle and run at both ends This of course applies only to the boys Notwithstanding this failing it must be confessed that we turned from their bright, happy faces with a feeling of pride

Many may be wiser but few more loveable We turn from them as a group and linger over individuals

To the right sits our, tried and true, standing at the head of the school for scholarship and more than all possessing lovely traits of character She is never too tired or too busy to help some younger or less gifted one up the steep and often slippery hill of learning In her are the elements that go to make

> A perfect woman nobly planned
> To aid to comfort and command

Next to her is Lizzie, who is so fond of composition, and whose latest attempt has been a poem on Grass On the opposite side of the room is Howard the irrepressible who reminds us strongly of an India rubber ball, for no sooner is he seated than he bounds up and we find him on the opposite side of the room Next is roguish John, who on being reproved for making so much noise answers demurely "Yes m, that's what I've been telling them but they would not mind"—yet he the ringleader Near the centre of the group is Alice, brilliant and sparkling in recitation, frank and winning in her manners she can justly claim the title of "Sunbeam" To us she seems a fair, fair and sweet and involuntarily we apply to her those beautiful words of Longfellow

> Bear a lily in thy hand
> Gates of brass cannot withstand
> One touch of that magic wand
> Bear through sorrow wrong and ruth
> In thy heart the dew of youth—
> On thy lips the smile of truth"

Further right sits H—— studious and attentive and though not brilliant in recitation, yet solid in her attainments—Her motto seems to be whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well

Time forbids to more than mention fun loving Bertha whose good humor will smooth many a rugged place in life, stately C——, fond of History, Dora, whose merry laugh rings out clear and sweet, Will and Tom, the arithmeticians, and last and least "rare Ben Johnson" who, unlike his famous namesake, is not noted for his ability to compose either verse or prose, but then we must remember, he has no Shakespeare for teacher and friend

There are many more who are worthy of a place in this sketch, and it has been from no feeling of partiality that we have mentioned these particularly, but it is because we believe them to be fair representatives of the school

You may ask, "Are you not showing the the best side?" We answer, "Does not the photographer always place his subject in the most favorable light?—Does he not strive to give as fair a picture as possible?—Nay, does not the picture sometimes flatter the original?"

While we do not mean to flatter, we do mean to represent our boys and girls in that golden light in which we viewed them that afternoon The fairest picture has its dark side, and so has ours But there are times when we remember only their pleasant qualities, or if we do think of their faults, it is with the earnest wish that they may overcome them, knowing that conquerors of "spirit" are mightier than conquerors of "cities"

PROFESSOR GRIFFIS of New York, delivered his first lecture on Japan at the Presbyterian Church, on last Friday evening It was a rare treat to the audience He gave a vivid description of Japanese life character and history, and held the close attention of his hearers from the commencement to the close of his lecture The second lecture by Prof Griffis will be delivered to-morrow evening and should be attended by all who wish to enjoy an entertaining and instructive evening

ON last Thursday Captain Jacob Johnson was severely injured, while walking along the railroad track between Bristol and Tullytown He stepped off the track as the train passed at full speed, but the wind caused by the passing train was so great that it threw him violently against a pile of sleepers, cutting his head badly and severely bruising other portions of his body It is also reported that he has received internal injuries from which it is doubtful he can recover

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☞ For sale at a bargain "The Encyclopedia or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences &c," consisting of eighteen large quarto volumes and illustrated with over 300 plates, will be sold at a very low price by James Townsend, Dorrance street, Bristol Pa

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Two Shares of stock of the Bristol Building Association

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N. B—Country stores and peddlers are supplied at cheap prices

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Estate Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of MARY ANN BOSWICK late of Bristol Borough deceased are requested to make immediate payment and those having demands against the same to present them for settlement without delay to ANTHONY SWAIN, Executor

Bristol Borough 17 [?] 873

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THAT DESIRABLE PROPERTY the late residence of Mary Ann Bostwick deceased situate in Radcliffe Street Bristol Borough adjoining premises of Cyrus Pierce and the Episcopal Parsonage A pleasant and convenient House with a large and convenient Lot Apply to JOHN H BOSTWICK, living opposite, or to the subscriber, ANTHONY SWAIN Executor

Bristol February 24, 1875 857

LECTURES ON JAPAN, BY PROF, WILLIAM B. GRIFFIS, OF NEW YORK IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BRISTOL February 26th and March 9th.

STREET LIFE IN JAPAN, Friday Evening, February 26th
Phases of Japanese Character as seen by an American the Actual Out Door Every day Life of the People with Vivid Details of their surroundings

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE JAPANESE. Tuesday Evening, March 9th.
The In Door Life of the People is gathered from the Lecturer's observations as a guest friend, visitor, or inquisitor looker on

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WILL BE GIVEN
IN THE BRISTOL M. E. CHURCH,
For the Benefit of the Sabbath School,
On Wednesday Evening,
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MISS SULGER, Soprano,
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And others,
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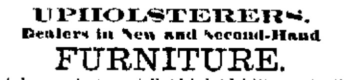

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WILLIAM T SUBERS
February 5 1875 852

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ESTATE OF ANTHONY BURTON late of Bristol township Bucks county deceased—All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
JOHN BURTON
ELWOOD BURTON
JOHN W PAXSON
PILRSON MITCHELL
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For the Spring of 1875.

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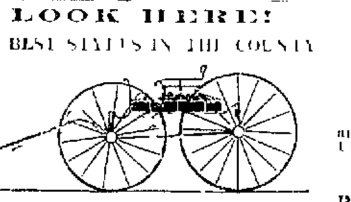

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Newtown, Pa.

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OFFICE—Corner of State Street and Washington Avenue 32

H. M. POWNALL,
HARNESS MAKER.
NEWTOWN PA
HAS on hand Heavy and Light Harness Trunks Valises and Traveling Bags
Also Harness Hardware, of all kinds 34

FIRST CLASS
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
AT NEWTOWN, Bucks Co Pa
For circulars address
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ROBERTS & FEASTER,
NEWTOWN, PA,
Dealers in
COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, Heaters Ranges and all kinds of Tin Copper and Hollow Ware Tin Roofing and Spouting executed promptly Water Rams Cisterns and Lead Pipe furnished and Plumbing executed 140

C HILLBORN H C WORSTALL
☞ Newtown Hardware House,
ESTABLISHED 1867
HILLBORN & WORSTALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
IRON, STEEL, &c.,
NEWTOWN, PA
HAVING been in business since 1867 would call the attention of the public to their large stock of Iron Steel Axle Springs Thimble Skeins Wagon Boxes Building Hardware of every kind found in a store of our kind Farmers tools of the very best Glass Putty Oil Varnish Brushes all colors dry and in oil, Window Glass French Window Glass Putty Oil Colors, &c Powder Shot Lead Caps Fishing Tackle Cutlery Lamp Chimneys Lamp Wicks [?] Rope Clothes Lines Children's Carriages and Sleds Farm Sleigh and Hand Bells Lawyer Horseshoe Nails Dust Fertilizers Super Phosphates Guano, &c Fertilizers of all kinds
☞ Also manufacturers of Fifth Wheels of every style—Orders of any size promptly filled 33

Miscellaneous.

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL,
Wood, Lime, Fertilizers, Etc.,
Cornwell's Depot,
BUCKS COUNTY PA
BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand or furnished to order
COAL of the best qualities and lowest rates
Agents for
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure,
Sold by the car load and the cheapest manure in market Also, HORSE STABLE MANURE
J W BOUTCHER
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666 Cornwell's Depot

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Furnishing Undertakers,
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Coffins of every variety and anything pertaining to the business furnished at reasonable prices
PATENT CORPSE PRESERVERS constantly on hand
☞ Strict attention given to bodies coming from a distance 523

Notice.

I HAVE disposed of the right for Bucks County of MONROE'S PATENT STEAM FEATHER RENOVATOR, for Renovating Feather Beds &c to John McMillan of Bristol Borough
843 WILLIAM A GIRTON

A SUPERIOR LOT OF CLOVER
NOW ON HAND" All other Field Seeds of prime quality Examine your stock of Agricultural and Horticultural Tools and if worth repairing have it done ready for the spring work It entirely worn out, call and examine our assortment
J. W. CORNELL & CO.,
Farm and Garden Implements,
58 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Fresh and genuine Garden Seeds

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FURNITURE CARPETS OIL CLOTHS,
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Wholesale Grocers
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Cor. Stockton & Merchant Sts.,
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CLOTHING HOUSE,
AND
Merchant Tailor,
N W Corner of Broad and Factory Sts,
TRENTON, N J 755

WE DYE TO LIVE AND LIVE TO DYE.
M. ARUNDALE,
Dyer and Scourer,
NO 2 WARREN STREET, TRENTON, N J
Newly Opened Near the Court House
[illegible] Dyed and Scoured at reasonable rates Give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction Don't forget the place 737

JOSEPH B. YARD,
MANUFACTURER OF
IRON RAILING,
(At the old stand)
No 6 Greene Street, Trenton, N J
☞ Particular attention given to Enclosing Cemetery Lots 1

CHARLES S. GAUNT,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
All Kinds of Cigars
OF OWN MANUFACTURE,
No 40 Green Street Trenton N J
and sold at the lowest prices ☞ The Ne Plus Ultra [illegible] 445

E. KOPP
DYES TO LIVE AND LIVES TO DYE,
and [?] all kinds of
FANCY DYEING.
ALL WORK DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER
No 19 Warren Street 2 doors below Front St
TRENTON N J.
Goods sent from the country will receive prompt attention 169

WILLIAM M. DISBROW,
DEALER IN CHOICE
Tobacco and Segars.
The Fulton Cigar 5 Cts for 25c The best in the city Call and see Yourself
at 28 East State St, Trenton N J
443

L. M. TRAVER,
NO 8 GREEN STREET, TRENTON, N. J.,
HAS THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF
New and Second-Hand FURNITURE,
In the City. 736

J W BOND W A BOND
J. W. BOND & SON,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
No 2 Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.
The largest assortment of Gas Fixtures in the city All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed 40

A. BEER & CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
(Successors to A W McGarvey & Co)
No 13 East Sixth Street, Trenton, N. J.
(Mansion House)
Life Size Pictures in oil water colors and crayon Copying and Enlarging Pictures neatly finished Particular attention paid to children 739

JAMES JENKS,
Harness Maker,
ATTLEBOROUGH, PA.
HAS on hand Heavy and light Harness Blankets, Whips Horse Collars Curry Combs &c Also HARNESS HARDWARE of all kinds
818

GEORGE WESTON,
Ornamental Sculptor,
Marble Yard on Stockton Street,
(Between State and Front)
TRENTON, N. J.
Designs and Estimates furnished on application Cemetery Work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates 171

Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES.
I HAVE ready for all my old customers and the Citizens of Bucks county generally all the advantages of buying [?]
A full assortment of the above line of Goods
AT WHOLESALE PRICES,
at my old stand
39 Warren street,
TRENTON N J
☞ Call and be convinced that you can save 25 per cent by purchasing of me
J. FANING,
44 MANUFACTURER

TRY THE Great Cough Remedy.
☞ DURAN'S Celebrated Balsam of Honey, Wild Cherry and Tar.
A Cure for Coughs Colds Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis Phthisic Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood Consumption Sore Throat Whooping Cough Infants in Croup &c
This pleasant and effectual Cough Remedy, has been used in hundreds of families, curing thousands of severe cases
Over 50,000 Bottles sold!
Everybody Likes It!
Children Cry for It!
Everybody should keep it in the Family,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
504

BREARLEY & CO.,
TRENTON, N. J.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
NOVELTY
Portable and Brick Set Furnaces.
Every character of TIN, SHEET IRON, BRASS or COPPER WORK, done to order
Ranges, Stoves,
SLATE MANTLES, &c, &c.
Cor. State and Greene Sts.,
641 TRENTON, N. J

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THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven's,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed.

HOW THEY WENT A-BERRYING.

On one summer's morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a-berrying,
Need I tell you—tell you, why?
Farmer Davis had a daughter,
And it happened that I knew
On each sunny morning, Jenny
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries,
So I joined her on the hill;
"Jenny, dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we stayed—we two to fill it,
Jenny talking—I was still—
Leading where the hill was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny;
"So is life," said I; "shall we,
Climb it each alone? or, Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Redder than the blushing berries
Jenny's cheek a moment grew,
While without delay she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

RECEIPTS.

MOUNTAIN GINGERBREAD.—3 cups of flour, 1 of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 of molasses, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful ginger, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 of cream of tartar.

SCOTCH CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 2 of sugar, 3 of flour, 1 or 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful soda, half of cream of tartar, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, nutmeg; roll thin, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

TROY PUDDING.—1 cup of raisins, 1 of chopped suet, one of milk, 2 of flour, 1 of molasses, 1 teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of allspice, ½ of cinnamon, a little salt; boil in a bag three hours.

MOLLY PLEASANT'S PUDDING.—A layer of bits of butter, one of grated bread, one of stewed sifted apples and one of sugar; repeat until the dish is filled. Make a custard of three eggs to a pint of milk, flavor to suit and pour over. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up the chicken, and if it is old boil it fifteen minutes in a little water, which save to put in the pie; make a paste like common pie-crust, and put it round your pan or dish; lay in your chicken, dust flour over it and put in butter, pepper and salt, cover them with water, roll out the top crust quite thick, and close the pie round the edge; make an opening in the middle with a knife; bake rather more than an hour. If you warm a pie over the next day, pour off the gravy and warm it separately, and add it to the pie.

CHICKEN POT PIE.—Cut up the chicken, grease your pot or dutch-oven with lard, roll out crust enough in two parts to go around it, but not cover the bottom, or it will burn before the pie is done. As you put in the pieces of chicken strew in flour, salt and pepper, some pieces of the crust rolled thin, and a few potatoes; cover this with water and put on a covering of paste, with a slit cut in the middle; cook slowly for about two hours; have hot water in a kettle, and if it should dry up too much pour some in; just before you dish it add a little parsley and thyme.

From the New York Tribune.

AN EDUCATIONAL ERROR.

Through the American system of education, from the college to the district school, there runs a grave fault. It has too much rote and routine. It wants vitality, freshness, independence. The young man throws away forever his Homer and his Virgil with no comprehension of the heroic strain, nor of the first rich growths of art, invention and intellectual expression. The average boy in the average expensive private school repeats his Latin declensions and mumbles his United States history with no intimate knowledge of his work, and not much interest in it beyond the momentary excitement of reciting literally and getting over it. College authorities have borne testimony to the failures of the preparatory schools. The average girl in the average expensive private school takes her French, and her music, and her this and that of serious learning, and emerges coated with accomplishments and information—and utterly incapable of making her education available if hard necessity should by chance knock at the door. There is the average public school—pupils rise at tap of bell, pupils march at tap of bell, fold their arms at tap of bell, and recite as mechanically the exact words of the book. There is constant toil and trouble about text-books, as if memory were the only possession to be cultivated, and the text-book the only great agent of education. It is, in truth, the refuge of the lazy and the incapable, while to the thorough and enthusiastic teacher it is only a help and a reference. When it is used as a collection of printed sentences to be repeated to the letter, it is lifeless. It is as a treasury of facts, dates, figures, and rules around which the teacher may group illustration and argument that it becomes of vivid value. We need more listening and less talking on the part of the pupil and less listening and more talking on the part of the instructor. It is time that the parrot system should end.

It is pleasure to record here a method pursued in one of our colleges under an original and accomplished head. This method can probably have no more descriptive name than "the editorial." For the recitations are conducted with wide and intelligent comments and comparisons from the teacher. He shows his students in the simplest manner possible the progress of thought and achievement in those branches of human knowledge which they are studying. He brings down the dry bones of an older time, and bids them move and talk with the clothed-on figures of this. For instance, a professor of history in this college is a master of the art of modern warfare in theory and in actual practice, and in teaching the ancient modes, manœuvers, and instruments of conflict, he skillfully compares them with the modern, and makes both old and new alive and attractive. Instruction like this is worthy to be called thorough, for it gives the juice of men's thought and work. It is such instruction through all the branches that we anticipate in the school of the future. We look to see the teacher grow more and more into the lecturer, awaking and interesting the dull minds among his pupils, and delighting and rapidly developing the bright ones. Such instruction only men and women especially fitted by nature and study for their work can give;—and it is not improbable that the revolution which would substitute this method for that now in use would solve more than one of the troublesome problems of our national education. With less of the text-book would perforce come better teachers and larger salaries.

Cocoanut husk is better than cotton waste and turpentine for taking temporary rust from iron or steel.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE SHOP, THE HOUSEHOLD, AND THE FARM.

Frosted glass, useful for screens, etc., is made by laying the sheets horizontally and covering them with a solution strong solution of sulphate of zinc. The salt crystallizes on drying.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

Butter will remove tar spots. Soap and water will afterwards take out the grease stain.

Black shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of anilin red in alcohol.

Four parts borax and three parts Epsom salts, mixed with three or four parts warm water to one part of the combined substances, is said to form an excellent fireproof wash for clothes. It should be used immediately after preparation.

Flaxseed and tallow are used in Germany as a stuffing for cushions. One part of tallow to ten parts of flaxseed are employed, the mobility of the greased seed rendering the cushions very soft and pliable.

Gold bronze for furniture is a mixture of copal varnish mixed with gold-colored bronze powder. The last is bisulphate of tin.

The total number of strings in a piano, when properly stretched to produce the right tones, exert a pull of over ten tuns; this explains why good pianos must be durable and heavily built.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

Straw matting should be washed with a cloth dampened in salt water. Indian meal sprinkled over it and thoroughly swept out will also cleanse it finely.

In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol. Save the tea leaves for the purpose.

Gray marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

Sprigs of wintergreen or ground ivy will drive away red ants; branches of wormwood will serve the same purpose for black ants.

Papering and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more than in warm weather; while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

Never paper a wall over old paper and paste. Always scrape down thoroughly. Old paper can be got off by damping with saleratus and water. Then go over all the cracks of the wall with plaster of Paris, and finally put on a wash of a weak solution of carbolic acid. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; half an ounce of powdered borax improves the mixture.

An oaken color can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the water. When dry, this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oil.

Kerosene and powdered lime, whiting, or wood-ashes will scour tins with the least labor.

Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumicestone mixed with verjuice. Cover the spots and allow the stuff to remain for twelve hours; then rub clean, and dry, and rinse.

Soapstone hearths are first washed in pure water and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone.

A strong solution of hyposulphite of soda is said to be excellent for cleaning silver.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by the Chatham street dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with a stiff brush. The goods are nicely cleaned, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.

Never use wrought iron instead of steel simply because it is more easily worked and cheaper than the latter; nor brass instead of gun metal in heavy machinery.

Shellac is the best cement for jet articles. Smoking the joints renders it black to match.

Barrels intended for alcohol may be rendered perfectly tight by applying inside a solution of 1 lb. leather scraps and 1 oz. oxalic acid in 2 lbs. water, afterwards diluted with 3 lbs. warm water.

A solution of chloride of iron will remove nitrate of silver stains from the hands.

Unslaked lime is excellent for cleaning small steel articles, such as jewelry, buckle, and the like.

Glass may be powdered to render it suitable for glass paper, for filtering varnishes, etc., by heating it red hot and then suddenly plunging it in water.

To remove old paint, cover with a wash of 3 parts quick stone lime, slaked in water to which 1 part pearlash is added. Allow the coating to remain for 16 hours, when the paint may be easily scraped off.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

It is the complaint of some, and the sneer of others, that middle age, especially the middle age of unmarried women, is a very uninteresting period. The romance of hope is gone, and although middle age is eminently the working time of life, the great fruit-bearing season, there are not a few who vainly sigh for the days that are past. The middle age of women who have not found their special work or sphere, is often a period of restless repining, if not of *ennui* or disappointed complaining. Parents renew their youth in their children, and thus live a double life. Those, too, who are engrossed in business, or in the struggle for a livelihood, have little time for idle musing. But there are women, who, having no family to care for, and no daily bread to earn, hardly seem to know where they stand, and miss a substance while they chase a shadow. Nobody thinks of crying for May blossoms when trees are laden with russet fruit; or murmurs that the yellow ears are not erect and emerald spears. But there are many who cry unheard for vanished blooms of youth, unconscious that while they sit idle the weeds of selfish neglect are stifling every chance of fruit, and blighting their usefulness not less than their happiness. It is to such persons we address ourselves, well aware that there are others, strong and busy, to whom our words may appear little better than beating the air, because they cannot conceive the state of mind or life to which they apply. First, let us all agree that it is the true wisdom to recognize the facts of our life, whatever they may be. Some social fictions, and often the mistaken words of friends, may help to obscure them. Yet it is vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be gracefully resigned for the cheerful acceptance of the duties which mature life is sure to bring. Why, for example, should a single women of forty cling to the dress and manners of a girl, instead of owning to herself and others that she has fully reached middle age? Countless advertisements show but too plainly how many have a horror of growing old, and snatches credulously at every device for hiding the unwelcome fact. Success in such arts means a walking deception, and where there is falsehood on the surface, there is not much hope of truth beneath; failure means an absurd anomoly—bright hair does not harmonize with a faded cheek, or *rouge* with a furrowed brow. Beside, lovely as is the bloom of youth, it is hardly missed when the beauty of expression beams forth in its stead. In mourning over, and magnifying what is past, there is always danger of neglecting, if not losing, the treasures which remain. Yet, in middle age often only the brighter aspects of youth are recalled. "My good days are done," we can imagine one musing in melancholy womanhood; "how different it was at twenty; sheltered by the tenderest love, free from care and anxiety, and happy in what I had and what more than a languid, restful feeling, which gave assurance of having enjoyed myself to the utmost. Around me were intimate friends, with whom I could exchange thoughts and feelings, unchecked by doubt or reserve; health of body made it a joy to live and breathe, while an elastic spirit sprang up freshly from every trouble; and then the enchantress Hope, how sweetly she whispered! But now, many sorrows have chastened body and mind. Reaction has come to be a thing of dread—most usurious payment for every excitement. The dear old home is broken up. Of early friends, some are dead, others are distant or occupied, so that we rarely communicate, and fewer still remain unchanged. How one longs

'For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

I have been deceived and disappointed in others, and, bitterer still, have been deceived and disappointed in myself. I have to bear my burdens alone, and hide my griefs, lest I tease some careless ear, or hinder some busy hand."

HOME.—A good home is the best club a man can belong to. Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachment. At one time he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—"his honied young Cicero." Sir Thomas Moore, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time—because he knew it to be his duty and felt it to be his delight—to the amusement of his children.

VARNISH FOR WHITE WOODS.—Dissolve three pounds of bleached shellac in one gallon of spirit of wine; strain, and add one and one half more gallons of spirit. If the shellac is pure and white, this will make a beautifully clear covering for white wooden articles.

Burlington, N. J.

W. E. SCHERMERHORN,
Paper Hanger;
Also, Dealer in
WALL PAPER OF ALL KINDS AT CITY PRICES.
Paper Hanging done cheaper and as well as by any one in the city.
30 East Union St. & Market Place,
BURLINGTON, N. J.
Orders respectfully solicited. 475

J. R. DUBEL'S
Fancy Cake Bakery, Confectionery,
Restaurant and Ice-Cream Saloon.
Parties, Families and Pic-nics supplied at short notice.
ICE CREAM and Water Ices Wholesale and Retail. Also Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Figs, Nuts, &c., which are constantly on hand, at
10 High St., Burlington, N. J. 466

HILLIER & BREWIN,
AUCTIONEERS,
And Dealers in New and Second-hand
FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.,
23 High St., Burlington, N. J.
☞ Housekeeping articles of all kinds constantly on hand. 467

J. H. IRWIN,
PLUMBER,
Gas & Steam Fitter,
No. 31 High Street, Burlington, N. J.
Hydrants, Bath Tubs, Wash Basins, Water Closets, Hot and Cold Shower Baths, Lift and Force Pumps, Hydraulic Rams, and all articles of the trade. Lead and Iron Pipe Work for Water, Gas and Steam. City and country orders promptly attended to. 467

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Successor to W. Watson Miller,
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE DRESS SHIRTS,
AND DEALER IN
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
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BURLINGTON, N. J.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Measures taken at residences. 431

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Marble Works.
BROAD STREET,
Opposite Railroad Depot,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

G. F. COLEMAN, Prop'r.
Monuments, Head Stones, Platforms, Sills, &c.
Grave Lots enclosed.
All orders promptly attended to. 312

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Merchant Tailor,
AND DEALER IN
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CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Ready Made Clothing,
NO. 53 MAIN STREET,
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

LARGEST STOCK
and lowest prices
IN THE COUNTRY.

Sole Agent for Burlington County, for the Weed Family Favorite Sewing Machine.

☞ The Citizens of Bristol will accept thanks for past patronage, and are solicited to renew their visits at
No. 53 Main Street
367 **BURLINGTON, N. J.**

SASH,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
&c. &c. &c.

We have added to our PLANING MILL AND LUMBER BUSINESS
A LARGE STOCK OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, SHUTTERS, AND FRAMES,
Which we are prepared to furnish Carpenters and Builders at the Lowest Market Rates.
We are also prepared to furnish Estimates for all kinds of Extra Work in Pine or Hard Woods.

SASH:
Glazed or Unglazed,
BRACKETS,
SCROLL SAWING
AND
WOOD MOULDINGS.
Builders will find it to their advantage to examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

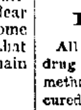
Burlington Fruit Box.
PRICES.

60 qt. crates and boxes, iron bound,			$3.50;
45 qt. do.	do.	do.	$2.75;
36 qt. do.	do.	do.	$2.15,—[with 60 pints, $2.45;
32 qt. crates and boxes, iron bound,			$1.80;
36 qt. do.	do. without iron,		$1.85,—[with 60 pints, $2.10;
32 qt. do.	do.	do. do.	$1.60;
24 qt. do.	do.	do. do.	$1.50,—[with 40 pints, $1.70.

☞ Quart boxes $2.50 per hundred.
Pint do. $2.00 do do.
25 cts. per hundred extra for packing.
Parties ordering by mail will please order before the Berry Season, as we are then frequently unable to fill orders at short notice.

J. T. SEVERNS & SON,
West Delaware Avenue.
BURLINGTON, N. J.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 330

HYGEIAN HOME,
Florence Hights, N. J.
All classes of Invalids successfully treated without drug medicines. The sick, who have tried all other methods of treatment in vain, are invited to be cured by the Hygienic System of medication.
514 **R. T. TRALL, M. D.**



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Medical Director.

West Street Hotel,
Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 West Street,
NEW YORK.
A Temperance House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Rooms 50 and 75 cents per day. Charges very moderate. The best meats and vegetables in the market. Best Beds in the city.
673 **R. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.**

$5 to $20 Per Day at home. Terms free. Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 832

Bristol.

"A first-class weekly paper."—*Philadelphia Star*

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"The selected and original matter of THE GAZETTE evinces a literary appreciation and ability that commends it to every family."—*Scranton Free Press.*

THE

BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE,

BRISTOL, PA.,

Is The Great Family Newspaper of Bucks County.

$2 A YEAR.

Its Large Circulation is Proof of its Superior Merit.

For Choice Tales and Sketches.

For Poetry, Anecdotes and Wit.

For General News and Items of Interest.

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SEE THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN BUCKS COUNTY.

Every Postmaster, School Teacher, Lawyer, Farmer, Mechanic, or other honest man or woman is requested to act as agent.

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For Club Rates and Inducements to Agents, address,

JESSE O. THOMAS,
Bristol, Pa.

SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS!
NOW READY, A LOT OF
EXTRA SLEIGHS,
Which will be at low prices, at
WILSON RANDALL'S,
601 **Bath St., Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa**

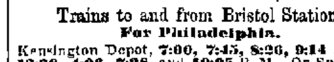
BRISTOL
INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE
AGENCY.
A. F. YOUNG,
Houses to Let and For Sale
624 In all parts of the Borough.

THE INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY effects insurance on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
GEORGE W. RHAWN, President.
WATSON COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas.
JOSHUA V. BUCKMAN, Agent,
509 Bristol.

Kindling Wood!
Kindling Wood!
A LARGE quantity of DRY KINDLING WOOD for sale low at the Old Forge Building.
844 JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.

Railroad.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.



On and after November 30, 1874,
Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:00, 7:45, 8:26, 9:14 A. M., 12:28, 4:06, 7:28, and 10:05 P. M. On Sundays, 12:28 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 3:27, 6:02, and 9:44 A. M., 2:53, 3:11, 6:45, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, 6:02 A. M., and 9:38 P. M.

For New York.
At 1:16, 7:38, 9:21, and 11:47 A. M., 2:24, 4:38, 5:16, 6:18, and 7:49 P. M. Sunday trains, 9:21 A. M., 5:16 and 7:49 P. M.

For Trenton.
At 7:38, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:24, 3:18, 4:05, 4:38, 4:53, 5:16, 6:02, 6:18, and 7:49, and 8:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 A. M. and 3:18 P. M.
☞ The 7.38, 11.09, A. M., 4.53, and 6.05 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 6:55, and 10:15 A. M., 2:30, 3:30, 4:00, 5:15, 6:25, and 8:20 P. M. On Sundays, 9:15 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 1:35, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.
At 7:00, 8:35, and 9:25 A. M., 12:25, 2:55, 4:05, and 6:55 P. M.

From Trenton.
At 6:40, 8:00, 8:50, and 9:47 A. M., 12:00 M., 2:30, 3:40, 4:50, 6:24, 7:02, 9:14 and 9:40 P. M. On Sundays, 12 noon, 5:00, and 9:14 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.40, 7.30, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 8.10, 10.30 and 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.40 and and 11.55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.30, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A. M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
F. THOMSON, D. M. BOYD, Jr.
Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

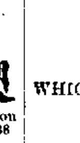
Tomlinson's Express and Accommodation Line

BRISTOL & NEWTOWN
BY STAGE.
Mail Line via Bristol, leaves Newtown at 7.30 A. M., on the arrival of the Doylestown Stage, passing through Attleboro' at 8.15; Hulmeville, 8.45; Newportville, 9.05; arriving in Bristol in time for the fast Belvidere Express Line for Philadelphia, and first line for New York.
Returning, Stage leaves on arrival of 10.15 A. M. train, via Kensington, at Bristol. Also, passengers can take the 8.35 A. M. train from New York, and connect with the Stage at Bristol.
Stage for Doylestown leaves Newtown at 2.30 P. M., on the arrival of the Bristol Stage, passing through Wrightstown, Anchor, Pineville, Centreville, Spring Valley, and arriving in Doylestown at 5 o'clock.
Returning, leaves Doylestown at 4.30 A. M., passing through the above named places, and arriving in Newtown in time for the Bristol Stage.
Office in Newtown at Amos Eastburn's Store; in the city at the Adams' Express Office, and at 237 N. Second street.
Passengers can purchase tickets of the drivers, going down, and at Kensington Depot coming up, and save money by so doing.
794 WM. R. TOMLINSON, Proprietor.

Bristol.

ROBERT P. SNOWDEN,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
44 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
506

CASPER ULLERICH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 29 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.



LADIES, Misses and Children's Shoes, Gentlemen's and Boys' Boots and Shoes, heavy and fine, all selling cheap for cash. REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. First class work made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. 638

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices. Store at **Corner Mill & Pond Sts.**
602 **BRISTOL, PA.**

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
STEPHEN HIBBS wishes to inform the citizens of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened a store on MILL STREET, next to Allee's Confectionery Store, where he intends to keep on hand a full supply of Ladies, Misses, Gents and Children's Boots and Shoes, at low prices. First-class work made to order. Repairing neatly done and promptly attended to.
N. B.—Sewing Machine Oil, Needles and Attachments constantly on hand. Machines repaired, cleaned and nicely adjusted. Give us a call. 791

W. E. WALKER & CO.,
No. 47 Mill St., Bristol,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
HARDWARE;
Also, WOODEN WARE, and House Furnishing Goods. Discount to the trade. Builders' Hardware a specialty. 483

CHARLES WOLLARD,
Contractor & Builder,
Washington St., bet. Cedar & Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
HOUSES BUILT BY CONTRACT,
and all kinds of Carpenter Work promptly executed.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. 607

EDWARD C. FLOCK,
Carpenter and Builder,
CEDAR STREET, ABOVE WALNUT.
BRISTOL, PA.
Houses built by contract or day. Jobbing promptly attended to.
Stair-Building a specialty. 294

CHARLES H. YORK. RICHARD E. SHAW.
YORK & SHAW,
Carpenters & Builders,
Wilson St., bet. Walnut and Mulberry,
BRISTOL, PA.
Houses built by contract or day. Jobbing promptly attended to. 308

FURNITURE
Re-upholstered and Varnished;
HOUSE PAINTING; also
WALL PAPER Sized and Varnished.
Special care given to China Glossing.
JOHN F. McMILLAN,
Radcliffe Street, rear of Presbyterian Church.
297 BRISTOL.

WILLIAM TABRAM
Furniture, Stoves, Hardware,
Rag and Iron Merchant,
BRISTOL, PA.
ALL kinds of Second-hand Stoves and Furniture constantly on hand. KEYS fitted to Locks and LOCKS repaired. Cash paid for Rags, Paper, and all kinds of METALS. 361

Carting and Draying.
ALL kinds of Carting done on the most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the moving of PIANOS and FURNITURE.
All orders left at my residence, No. 12 Walnut St., will be promptly attended to, in the very best manner. **WILLIAM SUTCH,**
347 **12 Walnut St., Bristol, Pa.**

CHARLES A. AHLEE,
DEALER IN
Confectionery and Ice Cream,
No. 43 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
CAKES, FANCY CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &c., constantly on hand.
Weddings and Parties supplied with promptness.
370

S. WARWICK'S
Restaurant and Oyster Saloon,
WASHINGTON STREET,
(Between Pond and Wood), BRISTOL, PA.
Oysters served in any style with promptness, and delivered to any part of town at short notice. 668

Come One! Come All!
WHERE?
JAMES S. CAWLEY'S
OYSTER SALOON,
(AT SAYLOR'S OLD STAND,)
Where you can find the best Oysters in Bristol. Oysters served in every style with promptness.
☞ Weddings and parties supplied. Don't forget the number. NO. 93 MILL STREET. 153

JOHN R. BOYD.
No. 6 Radcliffe Street, Bristol,
Genuine Havana and Key West
CIGARS . . A SPECIALTY.
☞ Quality and prices guaranteed to suit the most fastidious customers.
Finest and medium grades of **TOBACCO AND CIGARS** at reasonable prices. 276

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread and Cake Baker,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.
Tea Biscuit and Cakes of all kinds constantly on hand.
Hot Rolls and Fresh Bread served for breakfast.
Orders for Ice Cream and Water Ices filled with promptness.
WEDDINGS and PARTIES supplied. 398

NOTICE TO WATER TAKERS.
Oakes & McGonigle,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
MILL STREET,
Rear of Kinsey's Hardware Store,
BRISTOL, PA.
All the latest improvements in Faucets, Stop-Cocks, Circulating Boilers, Water Closet Attachments, Pantry Sinks, Bath Tubs, Day Pans, &c., &c., Wind Mills, Force and Lift Pumps, Rams, &c.
GAS FIXTURES in all the latest designs, furnished at short notice. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. 790

R. HEPWORTH. A. COLLINS.
HEPWORTH & COLLINS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
NO. 1 MARKET STREET,
Dealers in Hydrants, Wash Paves, Water Closets, Hot and Cold Shower Baths, Bath Tubs, Lift and Force Pumps, and all articles of the trade. Iron Pipe for water, gas and steam. City and country orders promptly attended to.
P. S.—Please call and examine our stock of Gas Fixtures of the very latest design.
Office open daily from 6 to 6 P. M.
Please give us a call 741

PURSELL.

CHEST PROTECTORS, (Pattinson's),
HAND MIRRORS,
FEEDING CUPS,
EYE CUPS,
AURILAVES,
SURGICAL APPLIANCES,
AT
DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE,
S. W. CORNER MILL AND CEDAR STS.,
BRISTOL, PA.
All Chemicals and Drugs guaranteed strictly pure, fresh and of prime quality.

Bristol.

1874. Fall and Winter. 1874.

CABEEN & BEATTY
Invite attention to their Well Selected Stock of New
DRESS GOODS,
WHICH COMPRISE THE NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF THE SEASON.
We offer SPECIAL BARGAINS in
Black Alpacas, Mohairs, and Brilliantines.
LARGE STOCK OF
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SUITINGS.
Black Beavers, Water Proofs in all colors.
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!
Shawls---both long and square.
MERINO UNDERWEAR, for both great and small, in great variety.
Groceries! Groceries!
BOTH PLAIN AND FANCY, AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. 780

REDUCTION
IN WINTER GOODS.
Those who are still in want of
WINTER DRESS GOODS,
Woolens, Furs, Shawls, Blankets, Etc.,
WOULD DO WELL TO CALL UPON
J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Next to Canal Bridge, Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
As we have made a very liberal deduction in all goods that are confined to our Winter sales, as we do not wish to carry them over.
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, TRIMMINGS,
Groceries and Provisions.
A FULL LINE ALWAYS ON HAND.
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF BUTTERICK'S CUT PAPER PATTERNS.
J. WESLEY WRIGHT.
808 **Bristol, Pa.**

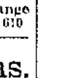
IMPORTANT NOTICE!
Having made my purchases at the very lowest cash prices, I will sell as low as can be purchased in Philadelphia or elsewhere.
DRESS GOODS,
Trimmings, Embroideries, Laces, Velvets, Velveteens, Hoop Skirts, Corsets,
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
Complete assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and shades. Also a great variety of HUMAN HAIR, IMITATION GOODS, CURLS, FRIZZES, ROLLS and BRAIDS. Combings made up into any form. PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, &c. Also, WHITMAN'S CHOICE CONFECTIONERY.
VERY HANDSOME WAX DOLLS AND FANCY ARTICLES,
Suitable for Holiday Presents Very Cheap.
☞ *SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES AND OIL.*
MRS. J. MERRICK BROWN,
622 **No. 45 Mill Street, 3 doors from Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.**

BOATMAN'S GROCERY STORE.
LOCK No. 3, ON CANAL.
LOUIS WOOLMAN.
Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Spices, Crackers, Cheese, and everything in the Grocery line, constantly on hand. 302

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 24

JOHN LACY.
FAMILY GROCER,
Cor. Washington & Pond Sts., Bristol, Pa.
Confectioneries of every description.
Also TEA, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, Molasses, Tobacco and Cigars, &c., &c.
☞ Mince-meat of our own make constantly on hand. 307

REMOVAL.
P. O. HUTCHINS
Would inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to the Corner of



Wood and Mulberry Streets,
where he will continue to keep on hand an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, Dried and Canned Fruits; also Confectioneries and Notions, Tobacco and Cigars. Fruits and Vegetables in their season.
All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 610

Groceries & Provisions.
A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man.
GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts,
Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market.
Also a good assortment of Notions, &c., on hand.
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season. 609

J. V. FOSTER,
NO. 23 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,
DEALER IN
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.
A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
613

Dorrance Street Ahead.
THE PLACE TO BUY THE
BEST MEATS,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT
R. SNYDER & SON'S,
Dorrance Street between Wood and Pond,
BRISTOL, PA.
CANNED FRUITS,
Vegetables in Season,
HAMS, SHOULDERS, DRIED BEEF,
MACKERAL, NOTIONS, &c.
A Choice Quality of
Beef, Pork and Mutton
Always on hand.
All goods delivered free. 761

Important to Those Desirous of Purchasing
GOOD GOODS
At Low Market Rates!
NEW PLAIN POPLINS, special bargains, 35 to 37½.
BLACK ALPACAS, 30, 40, 45, 50, 62, 75, 80.
REPS, in gay styles, 20 to 22.
DELANES, in remnants, 16, 18, 20.
CALICOES, in remnants, 8 and 9.
WHITE, GRAY AND SCARLET FLANNELS, 28, 30, 40 to 60.
LADIES' MERINO, 40 to 60.
UNION FLANNELS, bargains, 15, 20, 22, 25.
COTTON FLANNELS, bleached and unbleached, 11, 12½, 16, 18, 20, 25.
BLANKETS, good styles, $4.00, $4.75, $5.55 to $6.00.
MEN'S WOOLEN HOSE, 25, 30 to 50.
MEN'S AND BOY'S CASSIMERS, 25, 35, 50, up to $2.00.
TABLE LINENS, 35, 40, 45, 50 to $1.00 per yard.
FELT SKIRTS, $1.10 to $1.25.
OIL CLOTH, 50, 65, 75.
GOOD YARD WIDE MUSLIN, **8, 10, 12, 14.**

Agent for the American Improved Sewing Machines.
M. A. WALMSLEY.
623 **Mill and Radcliffe Streets.**

J. H. FOSTER & SON,
DEALERS IN
THE CELEBRATED
ELGIN AND WALTHAM
WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND SILVER-WARE.
Fine Watches repaired at short notice by a practical workman. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Corner of Mill and Wood Streets,
366 BRISTOL, PA.

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
66 MILL STREET,
a few doors above Wood, Bristol, Pa.,
KEEPS always a good quality of Beef, Veal, Mutton, &c., and is
PROMPTLY ON HAND EVERY MORNING,
to supply the wants of his customers. He asks the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. 37

STEPHEN H. CARR,
WOOD Street, Opposite Marble Yard,
Keeps on hand
THE BEST QUALITY OF MEATS OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON,
Beef, Veal, Mutton.
FAMILIES SUPPLIED EVERY MORNING AT THEIR DOORS,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. 306

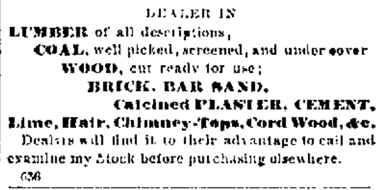
Bristol.

Bristol Mills.
FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.
ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.
Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.
Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.
Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.
☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.
Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our
SAW MILL
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.
PLANING MILL.
Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c., of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.
SHINGLES
In all the varieties as to size, quality and price, so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.
COAL
Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.
WOOD
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap.
CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.
Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
471 **ROGERS BROTHERS.**

COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company:
Office No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, Pa.
JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT;
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY.
Directors:
JAMES M. SLACK, JOSHUA PEIRCE,
E. G. HARRISON, JOHN K. WILDMAN,
THOMAS HUGHES, SAM'L H. HARRISON,
A. S. CADWALLADER.
☞ This is a Home Company, and Insures on both **Mutual and Stock Plans.**
All special risks avoided.
Call at the Office or send for copy of Act of Incorporation and Conditions and Plans of Insurance.
355-470

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.,
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

H. M. WRIGHT,
No. 25 BATH STREET BRISTOL, PA.,



DEALER IN
LUMBER of all descriptions,
COAL, well picked, screened, and under cover
WOOD, cut ready for use;
BRICK, BAR SAND,
Calcined PLASTER, CEMENT,
Lime, Hair, Chimney-Tops, Cord Wood, &c.
Dealers will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
636

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 63

THE NEW OFFICE,
North-West Corner of
Second and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

BURKE'S
226 **Bristol Express.**

HAIR AND HUSK MATRESSES
MADE TO ORDER, and RENOVATED.
CARPETS and MATTING taken up and laid.
ORDERS left at Kinsey's Hardware Store, or at my Residence on Radcliffe Street, rear of Presbyterian Church, will receive prompt attention.
Refer by permission to Moore, York & Howell, No. 261 South Second St., Alexander Miller, 211 South Second, and A. Grossman, 210 North Second Street, Philadelphia.
413 **JOHN F. McMILLAN.**

IRON FENCING.
THOMAS B. HARKINS, Bristol, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER OF
CROWELL'S PATENT IRON FENCES FOR BUCKS COUNTY.
THE public are respectfully invited to call and examine samples at the Iron Foundry on Dorrance street near the railroad. Particular attention given to enclosing cemetery lots. All kinds of castings made to order. 798

J. V. BUCKMAN,
Surveyor & Conveyancer,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AND
General Insurance Agent.
BRISTOL, PA.
Office on Radcliffe Street, a few doors above the Delaware House, and under the Observer Printing Office. 612

ROOFING.
IMPROVED **EGYPTIAN ROOFING.**
It has proved itself better and more durable than tin; is less than half the cost; can be applied to STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS.
Especially adapted to covering old shingle roofs.
Manufacturers, **MINER & BANNISTER,**
OFFICE, **No. 105 North Fourth St.**
Factory, Germantown Railroad and Berks St.
N. B. Roofing shipped to any part of the country.
416 **W. H. PAXSON, Agent, Bristol.**

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!
MRS. J. SINGLETON, NO. 40 MARKET STREET, has bought Mrs. M. A. Rankin out in the Hair Business, and is now prepared to take your combings and make them up to your order in SWITCHES, PLAITS, PUFFS, CURLS, &c.
Will also renew DRESS MAKING in connection with the hair business. Being grateful for past favors, I will be thankful for future patronage.
MRS. J. SINGLETON,
831 No. 40 Market street, Bristol, Pa.

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured for Five Cents per Yard;
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL PA. 409

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